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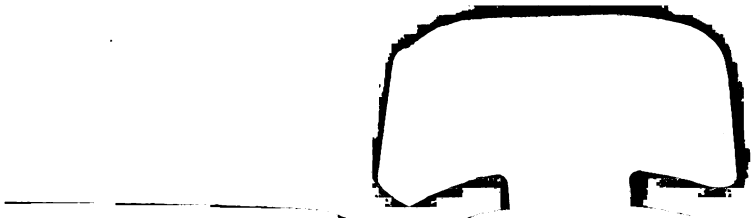

LETTERS

FROM

JAMES EARL OF PERTH,

LORD CHANCELLOR OF SCOTLAND, &c.

TO HIS SISTER,

THE COUNTESS OF ERROLL,

AND OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM JERDAN, M.R.S.L.,

AND CORR. MEM. OF THE REAL ACADEMIA DE LA HISTORIA OF SPAIN.

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with health and excitement in their train, give a zest to life it would be difficult to surpass within the sphere of humanity.

Deeply are my thanks due for receptions of this kind, never more powerfully to be felt than, when relieving literary labours, they seemed as if, in the words of Shakspeare, they would make "nature immortal." Will you, dear Lady Willoughby, accept them from the heart of your ladyship's obliged and faithful servant,

W. JERDAN.

INTRODUCTION.

Of the line and clan Drummond, it would be beyond the purpose of a few introductory remarks like the present to enter into a long genealogical history. Suffice it to say, that tradition carries them far back, and that they figure among the dim scenes of Scottish story, where even the most prominent images are seen in a very shadowy and uncertain light: for their founder, a Hungarian leader, came in with Edgar Atheling; and the De Dromonds of Cargill and Stobhall were the ancestors of those ennobled by the title of Perth. But, without endeavouring to illuminate these darkling times, well may it suffice to satisfy the utmost ambition for ancient descent, the glory of race, and the pride of birth, to go back five hundred years, and find that King Robert the Third, son of the High Steward of Scotland, the first of that royal house and the successor of the Bruce, married the Lady Annabella Drummond, daughter of Sir John Drummond of

Stobhall;* that they held, together, the Earldom of Atholl during the life of his father, by a charter dated in 1357; that in 1390 he succeeded to the throne; and that James I. was their offspring.

Thus royally allied, the subsequent intermarriages of the Drummond chiefs and their families connected them, in the closest ties, with most of the greatest earls and barons of the land.

Of all the devoted adherents to the dynasty of the Stuarts, none can claim a more distinguished rank than the house of Drummond. Their fidelity ran in their blood, and was part of their nature, from the royal union of their exalted predecessor to the last ruin of the hopes of her unfortunate descendants. For adhering to the Martyr, King Charles the First, a fine of five thousand pounds was levied by Cromwell on the loyal lord of Stobhall; and what his successors endured in the same cause, generation after generation, for more than a hundred years, is told in a series of chivalrous adventures, and bravely-borne sufferings, which do honour to human constancy, and reflect undying lustre on the immovable truth and pure attachment of the men, who thus risked all that could be dear to men for what they held to be the right.

Nor is it a difficult thing to account for the unbounded love bestowed upon, and the mighty sacrifices made for

* An estate belonging to Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby.—Ed.

the hapless race of Stuart. Their unprovoked misfortunes, like the infliction of Fate in Greek Tragedy, naturally excited the sympathies of the feeling and the good, and the rainbow of their sad destiny only shone the brighter in the eyes of their adherents as it was reflected from clouds of overwhelming sorrow and unavailing tears. And who shall deny that their excellent accomplishments and qualities, and being intellectually in advance of the stormy and unsettled times in which they lived and reigned, deserved for them such utter devotedness as the Drummond, and many of their compeers, displayed. Worthless men and bad rulers never won the affections of mankind to dare forfeiture, exile, poverty, and death itself, for them.

Political authors and partisans may argue as they please upon the subject, but three centuries of wrong and blood must ever raise a strong emotion in the heart when a kingly Stuart is named. And again, let us ask what should impeach this sentiment? their personal conduct, their government, their extreme follies, their offences, or their crimes? James the First was a glorious prince, the idol of his people, murdered by the barbarous nobles whose oppressions he restrained; James the Second was a minor, left to be torn to pieces by the factions that had destroyed his father, till he mastered them by his genius and overthrew the feudal system in Scotland, and was becoming the greatest potentate of his time, when accidently killed at the siege of Roxburghe Castle. James the

Third delighted in architecture, music, and the fine arts, and his minions (as his masons, musicians, and painters were called by his rude and turbulent aristocracy), who ministered to these pursuits, were persecuted to the death, and the king himself ultimately slain by rebellion. James the Fourth, his son, the brave, magnificent, and generous, adored by all ranks, fell on the fatal field of Flodden. James the Fifth was a year old when he succeeded his father, (a delightful poet too, as the first of his name had been,) was disgracefully betrayed by conspirators who had made his life a torture, and either died of grief or was poisoned at the age of twenty-six. His daughter Mary, the lovely queen, whose tragic tale is almost an epitome of the woes of all her race, has within the last few years had her memory rescued from obloquy by research into authentic history, and the mountain of calumnies which have been heaped upon her and the Stuart name, by treacherous and violent enemies, has, at least in her case, the most false and infamous of them all, been swept from credence in English and Scottish records. James the Sixth of Scotland, and the First of England, was "a pedant;" so have adverse historians represented him; but blessed is the country of whose monarch nothing worse can be said than that he was pedantic. The long peace he preserved for the United Kingdom, produced that idleness of ease, and provocation to internal intrigue, which finally doomed his amiable and virtuous son, the First Charles, to the scaffold.

Charles the Second was restored after years of exile,

and was probably no better than the period in which he flourished, and as dissolute as the manners of the Continent, and the reaction in England from extreme hypocrisy, were likely to make him; but he was a good-natured and kind-hearted king. His brother, James, lost three crowns for the religious faith he professed; the valiant English Admiral was a bigot, and a combination of factions destitute of any principle prevailed against him and overthrew his throne.

Such were the Stuarts, and such their calamitous course. Were they faultless? No! Were they inferior to or more vicious than their contemporary sovereigns in the civilized world? Certainly the reverse! Who couples with the name of any one of them the epithets cruel, savage, barbarous, perfidious, blood-thirsty, or tyrannical? None! Adversaries inspired by religious differences and conflicting politics have endeavoured to point out weaknesses and errors in the characters of some of them, and prove that they were—fallible human beings; but the glance we have cast hurriedly over their melancholy fates, varieties of premature and appalling deaths, by assassination, by rebellion, by war, or by the executioner's axe, will demonstrate that they were indeed more sinned against than sinning, and admit us to the understanding of the grounds upon which they were almost adored by the thousands and tens of thousands who were ready to lay down their lives, and did die for them in many a gory bed, and in many an ignominious and more horrible sacrifice.

We are not contending for the abstract of the right or the wrong, but explaining the natural spring and origin of that spirit, the lavish and inextinguishable outpouring of which glorified the name of Drummond, and of every Jacobite* whom a true sense of patriotism and loyalty led to risk their all of fortune and property, to peril every domestic tie and happiness, and conquer or perish with the king of their hearts and choice, and unalterable allegiance. The principle is not to be tested by success or defeat, or by the difference of pretensions or revolutions; it is One unassailable in its purity whithersoever directed, and divine in its stedfastness wheresoever bestowed.

Of the noblest illustrators of this principle, the three Thanes of Perth, who took prominent parts in the falling fortunes of the Stuarts, were splendid examples. They fearlessly and chivalrously set their all upon the cast, even when most desperate, and they died—banished —in a foreign clime, within the space of thirty years.

James the fourth Earl, son of James the third of that title and Lady Anne Gordon, eldest daughter of George second Marquess of Huntly, was born in 1648. He went through a course of philosophy at the university of St. Andrew's, and afterwards visited France. He was served

* In this sense we shall be fully understood when we say that the same principle which made the Cavalier and Jacobite enthusiastic royalists, to a degree far above the feeling of altered times (when sovereigns are viewed with more utilitarian calculation and philosophizing scrutiny), would constitute the most loyal adherents to the throne of another dynasty, when settled and acknowledged by constitutional succession.

heir to his father in 1675; was sworn a privy councillor in 1678; and, having joined the opposition to the Duke of Lauderdale, was, on his fall, constituted Justice-General of Scotland in May, 1682. In 1684 he was promoted to the high office of Chancellor of Scotland, and appointed Sheriff principal of the county of Edinburgh. On the accession of James II. he declared himself to be a Roman Catholic. His correspondence in this volume shows the sincerity of his conversion, and the zeal with which he laboured to impress his opinions upon his nearest and dearest relatives. Macky has drawn his character as "passionately proud;" adding that he "told a story very prettily; was of a middle stature, with a quick look, and brown complexion."

The portion of his life described in the following letters, is, we think, curious and characteristic.

Having resided two years at Rome, he was recalled to St. Germain's by King James, who created him Duke of Perth, and Knight of the Garter, and appointed him First Lord of the Bedchamber, Chamberlain to the Queen, and Governor to the Prince of Wales. In possession of the highest marks of royal favour and gratitude, he died there on the 11th of March, 1716, in the 68th year of his age. There is a portrait of him in Drummond Castle, painted by Sentlirre in 1714, and having all the appearance of a hearty old man.

There is also at Drummond Castle a splendid edition of Roman Classics, Virgil, Horace, &c., presented to him in a complimentary "ex dono" of Louis XIV., and with

his Majesty's cypher L surmounted by a double French crown emblazoned on the vellum, which is also richly adorned with fleurs de lis.

He married three times; first, in 1670, Lady Jane Douglas, a daughter of William first Marquess of Douglas, by whom he had James Lord Drummond, (who succeeded to the dignity of Duke of Perth conferred by the monarch of St. Germain's,) and two daughters, Mary Countess Marischall and Lady Anne, both frequently mentioned in this volume.

His second wife was Lilias, Countess dowager of Tullibardine, and daughter of Sir James Drummond, of Machany, by whom he had John, afterwards styled Duke of Perth from 1747 to 1757, and three other children who died young.

His third wife, and the companion of his exile, was his cousin Lady Mary Gordon,* by whom he had Edward, who, after the death of his brother John in 1757, assumed the title of Duke of Perth, and died at Paris in 1760; Lord William Drummond, who died young at St. Germain's, and Lady Theresa, who entered a nunnery.

James his son, as Lord Drummond, was attainted for the rebellion of Fifteen; from which he escaped, with the Earls of Melfort and Mar, and the Chevalier, from Montrose in February, and reached Gravelines in five days; but he had taken care to dispone or make over his estates to his infant son James, born in 1713, whose

* See note at p. 59.

mother was Lady Jean, only daughter of George first Duke of Gordon, who lived to an extreme old age, and died at Stobhall in 1773. After the battle of Sheriffmuir, her brother, Lord Huntly, rode to her at Drummond Castle to convey the dubious intelligence of that fight to her and her baby boy. Her husband assumed the title of Duke, conferred upon his father, and died at Paris in 1730.

James, the child alluded to, through whom the estates were saved, took the ducal title, and the Marquess of Tweeddale, Secretary of State to George II. at a later date, styles him in his despatches, "commonly called the Duke of Perth." He and his brother, Lord John Drummond,* were two of the seven persons who in 1740 signed the Association to venture lives and fortunes to restore the Stuarts; and in fulfilment of this vow he shared in all the perils of Forty-five, and died of the fatigues and vexations he had undergone at sea in his attempt to escape, in 1746, aged 33, without issue.

Other needful particulars of the pedigree are appended in our notes, and we will only add to this (we hope not

* Lord John was in the French service, and raised the royal Scotch regiment for that crown. He landed at Montrose in 1745, and followed the standard of his clan. Since this volume was in the press we have received from a literary antiquary, engaged in similar researches, the following curious intelligence respecting the Keith family. He states that "he has in his possession a MS. of Marshal Keith's correspondence with Lord John Drummond at the time the latter was in Spain, in which, amongst other matters, the writer gives an account of the Empress Catherine's proposal to marry him."—Ed.

tedious) preface a singular anecdote, demonstrative of the intensity of Jacobite feelings long after its hopes had vanished, and sound policy, justice, and mercy, had reconciled it to the reigning dynasty of Hanover. When a considerable portion of the Drummond estates were restored to the heir (no poor boon, though burthened, dilapidated, lopped, and impoverished), he found upon them four settlements of cottages in which the soldiery had been located after the battle of Culloden to keep down the *rebels*. There were thirty at Ballibeg, near Drummond Castle, another division at Callander, a third at Auchterarder, and a fourth at Stobhall. When the occupants of Ballibeg died off, it is a singular fact (as it was a singular enjoyment) that by the formation of a fine sheet of water every trace of their residence was obliterated. There is now the beautiful lake, gleaming with fish and haunted by the wild birds of the Highlands; and we believe the deepest diver of them all could not discover one stone upon another of the cottages which held the Jacobites in awe a hundred years ago.

Lo! the change. Here, on this very spot, our youthful and gracious Queen Victoria, with her accomplished and beloved consort, Prince Albert, passed a pleasant time in her visit to Scotland, but a few short months since; entertained by her own hereditary Lord High Chamberlain, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and the loyal, hospitable, and worthily most popular descendants of the Stuart-devoted House of Drummond!

LETTERS

FROM

JAMES EARL OF PERTH.

Sterling Castle, 29th Dec. 1688.

My Dearest Sister,*

I cannot express how much your most obligeing letter of the 26th inst. was refreshing to me in this my present condition, which that you may the better know, I will inform you of what happened since my Lord Erroll parted from me.

Upon Tuesday was seven-night, Blair† came from Edinburgh and told me that the K— [King James II.] was gone into France, &c., and that if I did not immediately gett away I was a gone man. That he had provided a ship which would be ready to saill next night by 5 o'clock at night from Bruntisland, and bid me make all haste to that place, for the snow on the Ochells was deep, and if I rode in day-light I could not escape; and haveing said this away he went towards Bruntisland, and left my wife and me to disguise ourselves the best we could, which indeed she did so well that I could not

* To this sister (Lady Anna Drummond, Countess of Errol, to whom these letters are addressed,) the Chancellor sent for safe keeping some heir-looms of rare value, which, with a list of them, are still preserved at Drummond Castle. They are described as a basin and ewer, two chalices, and a salt-cellar, presented to the chief of her race by Annabella Drummond, Queen of Robert III. and mother of James I. Also a pearl necklace, of pearls from the river Tay, worn by Lady Anne Gordon, who married a Drummond, and whose portrait remains, painted with this remarkable native ornament round her neck.—Ed.

† Blair Drummond, his factor, and ancestor of the present family of that ilk.—Ed.

have known her, but I could find no meanes to keep myself from being known to every body; she went one way and I another from Drummond* about 6 o'clock at night. She went only to Dunning.† But I went over the hills through heaps of snow, at a place where never one crossed before, and gott before day two miles beyond Kinross, where my master, Mr. David Drummond, whose cloak bag I carried, was, and I staid untill one a'clock afternoon next day, which was Wednesday, and then through unfrequented ways we gott to Bruntisland about 5 a'clock at night, but to our ruine (tho' my wife was already before us and nothing on our part hindred,) we wanted two men of our ship's company, and so not only were forced to lye in a common inn that night, but to go over to Leith road and lye 5 hours untill our master went ashoar and took up two men and brought aboard; so about one a'clock afternoon we came under sail and with an easie gale made towards the mouth of the Firth. My wife was known to nobody, nor did any suspect her with us: But two fellows who lay in a bed in a room without that in which I lay at Bruntisland knew me, and one of them run to Kirkaldy about 10 a'clock, before ever we gott out of Leith road, and told I was aboard of such a ship with four horse-load of money with me; that the councell would give 1000 lib. to any who would apprehend me, &c. and sett all the town in an an allarm. And one Baily Boswel (who owed many obligations to our brother) animated the people so both by expressions and example that 25 of the desperatest fellows of the place followed him to man a passage boat (an excellent sayler) to pursue us, who dreamed no danger save from storm or Dunkerkers.

Boswel's wife, fearing we had some with us to defend us, waded into the water and took back her husband; so one Wilson, a notorious thief who had been 15 years a Buccaneer (if you have

* Drummond Castle, in Perthshire, the residence of the Chiefs of the Clan Drummond; and now the seat of Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby; the latter of whom is the representative of that faithful and gallant race.—Ed.

† A small village at the foot of the Ochell chain of mountains.—Ed.

yet heard of that infamous sort of men), headed the rabble, and with saills and oars (for now it was almost quite calm) they followed us untill near night that they overtook us. Dr. Nicolson (who only accompanyed us) began to dread that the boat meant us no good, as soon as ever he saw her, but I did not. However when she came near the master hid my wife and me.

They came aboard like so many furys and asked for me; they searched long and had it not been for the falshood of one of our men they had gone off again; but one of our people betrayed me, and so they broke open the place where we were hid with hatchets: my wife would have fain gott out first to have exposed herself to their fury, but I pulled her back, and then they pulled me out, threw off my hat and periwig, and clapt their bayonets to my breast, for a great while keeping me in the expectation of being murdered. I cryed to them (for they were all clamorous at once) to save my life, which at last they said they would do, but they pulled us up out of the cabine, and so soon as my wife could gett on her cloaths (for she was in men's disguise) they forced us into the boat. By this time it was night and we within 3 miles of the Bass, so that to have sailed two hours sooner had preserved us. They begun to smoak tobacco, and speak filthy language beside my wife, so soon as ever we were into the boat, and used us with all the barbarity Turks could have done, keeping my wife five hours without any shoes, or any thing on her head. And having rode 24 miles the day before, being with child, you may judge if the condition she is now in be not bad enough. They had not sailed and rowed many hours from the ship (into the which they had left 11 of their men to bring her back) when they heard a musket shot from her, and took it for a sign to go back; wee must go and see how all went with their comerads; and back we did goe, and found they had gained our skipper to play the rogue to us, for he pretended they had stolen the stock-purse of the ship with 100lb. in it, and there we must all be searched. One fellow moved, That if I had any gold or money I would give it them to keep for me;

seeing at Kirkaldy the rabble would robb me undoubtedly: I told them that if they came with a warrand to take me, I was to yield to the terms of it, if not, and that they would use violence, I must submitt: But I saw no colour they had to ask any money: however, finding they would search and haveing what I had no mind to loose, I resolved to give them six-score guineas I had in a bag, provideing they would be answerable to me for it, and I my-self choosed one to give it to. All night we were whiles in the boat, whiles in the ship; and about 9 a'clock on friday they put us ashoar at the peer of Kirkaldy, exposed to the mockery and hatred of the people. The Baillys came and mett me, and denyed that any of them or the substantiall people in the town either had authorized or did approve of the matter; then I pleaded to be sett aboard of our ship that I might be gone, but they (haveing really edged on the people to take me) pretended they durst not do that without a warrand from the Councell, and in a solemn procession they carried me to an inn, accompanyed with the whole rabble of that place, the better sort being in the windows. At the inn they would not let me send away some letters I had wrote the night before in the ship, untill the rabble had them read to them: And the Bailies (Louden and Crawford, men who held their places of me,) told me that only Baily Boswel had interest with the people, and so all application must be made to him. We had not been half a quarter of an hour in the inn, when the Baillies called for my gold, which the Buccaneer produced, haveing first taken the half of it; next the gold must be deposited into the hands of Baily Boswel (the tribune of the people) to be theirs if the Councell so ordered it, and in the next place £100 sterling which I had in money aboard was to be put in that Baily's hand like wages; or else I was to be cut in collops (for so the rabble swore when they drew their swords about the house to that end). This being done likewise, their next desire was that I should he immediately carryed to their tolbooth, for the inn was too good for me; which was immediately done, and then we called to gett a little meat, for we had watched and fasted long.

Before the meat was gott ready, they sent over two of their number to Edinburgh to gett the Councell to aprove of what was done, and they were not gone an hour, when the people begune to fancy that some people might rescue me and burn their town, and all the town got into a tumult to have me immediately sent to Edinburgh (tho' the tyde did not serve, and tho' they knew that at Edinburgh I had been torn to pieces, for there they believed that Johny Wallace was commanded by me to fire upon the people and to shoot grois and shott.) With much difficulty this was averted, and on saturday we gott an account of the Councells approveing of my being apprehended, and that the Earl of Mar had gott orders to carry me prisoner thither. On saturday night Earl Mar* came and intended to have carryed me away on sunday: but (upon what design God only knows) one made a story, about 10 a'clock on sunday, as if Pitkellony had gott together 500 men, and came down to Kirkaldy, spareing neither sex nor age, burning and slaying: so the whole people left houses and churches, the streets were filled with noys and clamour, women wringing their hands, and men curseing the day that their town ever medled with me. But at last it turned to fury, and they began to call for cords to dragg me down the tolbooth stairs by the neck; and thus matters continued until they sent people six or seven miles off, to try the verity of the cause of their fear. The hole we lay into was cold, strait, and ill aired. The bed so bad we could not lye on it, and a continual clamour about the prison, yet here we stayed munday all day too (and the wind comeing easterly). We were put aboard our boats, with above 100 men for our guard (my takers being always next me lest I should escape) about 10 a clock on Christmass day, and in 5 or 6 hours time we got up to Aloa, where a guard from Sterline mett

* The Earl of Mar died in the following year. He had disapproved of the measures of King James and gone abroad; but after his return and adherence to King William, he joined the disaffected party, and was arrested and confined in Edinburgh, where he died at the early age of thirty-nine.—ED.

us. In all the matter Earl Mar was most kind to me, but at Kirkaldy the rabble mastered him so that he durst not speak. You may possibly wonder how the Councell wold homologate the rabble's deed in takeing of me, and how I haveing the King's commission should be made the Councell's prisoner, which is no Councell if I be not at their head, but this will clear it-self in time, and all these mysterious things came plainly to the view of the world. Here I have a centinell at my door all night, and with an officer I am allowed to go about the house. My room has no prospect from it save that narrow court called the Lyons'den, * and the place is most inconvenient to live into. But after all, my dearest Sister, let me tell you that (except while the daggers were at my breast that I was somewhat confused,) I have not one less contented thought than I had while Scotland was at my beck, nay I am exceedingly more satisfied, for now I am under the Great Phisitian's hand, and I can say with joy to Him, Burn, cutt, administer bitter things, provided all my sufferings be here; yet, Lord, let me dye in the agony of sufferings, amidst tortures and disgrace, provided it can either advance thy honour, the great interest of thy holy Church, or the salvation of my own soul or that of any other. I confess many friends of whom I had far other thoughts have left me. My own tennants have presumed with Comrie at their head † to enter my house and domineer there over my children and servants. My enemies (who are such without any cause)

* A gloomy enough precinct of this beautifully situated and picturesque fortress.—Ed.

† Comrie, as is customary in Scotland, so called after the name of his estate. It is now the property of Sir David Dundas; and, such is the mutability of fortune, the lineal representative of this old family is now landlord of the inn of the village of Comrie, (so famous in modern science for its earthquakes,) where he shows the claymore with which his ancestor fought at Culloden as standard-bearer to the Duke of Perth; who, in vain, gave the rallying shout of "*Claymore!*" to the Macdonalds on the left wing, to urge them into the charge, and told them it was in their power to make *that* wing the *right* (their previous accustomed post of honour) for ever after, and he himself would adopt their name if they were victorious. Nothing could move the sullen clan from their resentment at the unwise change of disposition; they remained passive, and the battle was lost.—Ed.

insult over me. The rabble curse and would tear me to pieces. The grief of a few friends melts my heart; the prospect of aproaching death cannot but be uneasy to flesh and blood: But in all this I have a clear concience, an innocence unspotted in all my administration, an excellent religion, a good cause, and an infinitely merciful God, so that on Him I do relye and will do so as long as I live, that I may be His to all eternity.

It is very like that the liberty of writeing to any body may be very soon taken from me, so I beseech you to send this letter either to my son or our brother,* but do it by a sure occasion and keep a copy of it; what else I have to say I will put into another letter. I earnestly pray God to bring you to the light of his truth, and make your Lord and you and your children every way happy.

Adieu.

LETTER II.

Sterling Castle, last night of the year, 1688.

My Dearest dear Brother,†

Being now into hands who are very cruel to me, and so severely rigorous that I know not how soon the liberty of writing to my friends may be taken from me, and I finding things likely to run so high as to me that I have reason to expect my life will not be long, being desirous you should not be altogether ignorant of my condition, this way of writeing a letter, to be left with our sister untill she can find a sure hand to convey it unto you, appears to me the best for your information. I leave it to her to inform you of my haveing been forbid by my fellow-ministers of State to be any more present in Councell, or any other Catholique

* John Earl of Melfort, who had effected his escape to France and joined the King there. Of him and his descendants, more elsewhere.—Ed.

† The Earl of Melfort: see the preceding note.—Ed.

more than I, and how the M. of Ath. [Atholl] had left off to come to Councell for severall meetings before, how the tumults begane and I was forced to leave Edinburgh, how they burnt all that was in the chappell and abbay church, and robb'd my lodgings, how my pensions for which I had served were stopt the very day the tumults grew high: What probabilities there are that the rabble were sett on by designing men, and how I left Drumond, went to sea, was taken by the men of Kirkaldie, robbed of my gold and mony, put into the tollbooth, made a mocking-stock of to that people by one Baily Boswel, who probably was supported underhand by Baily Crawford and Baily Louden, had a report sett amongst the people against me as if my men had been a'comeing to burn Kirkaldy, and a tumult raised there, in which the Earl of Mar, who was sent by the Councell (who acted by an authority unintelligible as yet, though well understood by me,) to make me their prisoner, heard the people call for ropes to dragg me down the stair of the tollbooth by the neck and then hang me; how I was carried by sea to Aloa and thence hither, where I now am. In all which toils and barbarous treatment my wife, though with child, bore her part chearfully, and with a more than humane courage; all this I leave to be explained at length by my Sister, to whom I wrote it at large. But my business now is to let you see what I further expect and how it pleases God to support me. I do confess that in the tumults and dureing my stay at Drummond (when my own tennents and such as lived by my bread rose up against me to betray me and raise the country upon me; but why should this seem strange when our dear master has been worse used and our God infinitely worse?) the terrors of death gott hold on me and my soul was melted within me. It pleased God to permitt me to be in great anxiety, I saw no way to escape, no reasonable body to treat with, my children exposed to danger and want, my wife afflicted beyond measure, and my own life was too sweet to me;

* Drummond Castle.—Ed.

I prayed, I confest, I communicated, but still the apprehension stuck close to me, many things concurred to make me melancholy. Every thing that was designed to do me good turn'd to my hurt, and death was wherever I turned my eye: But so soon as I took the resolution of trying to go beyond sea all those idle fears evanished, and I resigned all into the hands of God, and with my faithful companion in all my troubles, and good Dr. Nicolson, I sett forward towards Burntisland, gave them a certain hour for our meeting, and by different ways in the night, the snow being to our horses' bellies, we went to the place. But our ship not being ready we were discovered and pursued and taken at a little distance from the Bass, and with all possible barbarity. However, excepting the while that the swords were over my head, and the poignards at my breast, I found no kind of trouble, but rather joy in all my sufferings, and that does so encrease that I thank God that I feell a composure much greater and a more solid joy in this restraint, in the which a centinell stands at my door from 9 at night untill the same hour in the morning, who would not the other night permitt me to call for help to my wife, though she was like to dye of a violent colique. I thank God then, that I am in an entire peace, at present, waiting untill matters proceed so farr as that a way may be settled for my tryall and death, for the which I look with all certainty. Many have left me who professed they never would, and to say true few have stuck by me. Every body that observed my proceedings commends me, and admire how the Councell without casting off the King's authority should committ me to prison. The daily lyes that are made incense the people against me, so that excepting in a prison such as this I could not be secure. You are said to be lurking in Scotland, and that hurts me; for whiles you are said to be in one place at the head of Popish armies, whiles annoyance and all falls on me. *En fin* my whole joy and peace is in God, and my only anxiety is about my last moment. May my gracious God fill my soul with that ardent charity which becomes one who dyes for his

truth, in that moment when I lay down my neck to be cut off, and I ask no more! May my soul then be so united to my blessed Lord as that, in its first entrie into its eternal state, it may find itself in him, inebriated with his love, and ravished with the joys of his salvation! And do you engage people to pray for a soul which you know loves you. My death is welcome. Endeavour to comfort my wife, and assist her in her pious design. Strive to gett my children educated catholiques, and may the great God bless you and all yours, especially my lady Melford. My joy was great when I heard you was gone to France. I thought to have seen you there, but our Lord saw it not good for me. Conclude that I dye loveing you and praying for you.

Adieu.

LETTER III.

Sterling Castle, 13th January, 1689.

My Dearest Sister,

If all my letters since my imprisonment had come to your hands, you had not complained of being ignorant of my circumstances, for I had wrote a letter of three sheets of paper to inform you of all that had fallen out to me, that you might be fully instructed (in case their violence proceeded to take away my life) how to satisfie our brother of all he might be desirous to know concerning me. He is well and safe now with the King. I have sent you the copy of his Majesties reasons for his going into France (which is a very moveing paper, at least to me it appears to be such) though I know you must have seen it already. I pray God preserve his Majestie and his Queen and son, for they are hardly dealt by. You cannot imagine how hardly I have been dealt by in my poor conection, which is not to be compared with our most excellent prince. However it is a joy to me to thinke that he is safe, whatever hazard threatens me. Your letter is so full of

kindness, I cannot tell what to return to it, and your reflections on the manner of our designed going out of this kingdom. But the whole of that matter had been sufficiently approved of, if our skipper had not wanted two of his ship's company, for if we had had them wee had been an 100 miles off before any had heard of us. And as the wind lasted wee had been in Ostend in less than 50 hours: But our Lord saw it better every way that this should fall out, and I already feel the great advantage of all this matter, for the which I do with joy give thanks to the divine goodness. If they think fitt to put me to tryall, it must be for being and acting in my own concerns a catholique, for in all that concerns the publique, the whole Councell and Session must come under the same condemnation with me. But I hear they are lyke the catt who loves fish but not to wett her feet, for though they would fain cutt off my head, they would have so fair a pretext for it as might not impinge upon religion, nor be common to those who were joined with me in the government. Now, if they bring me to my tryall, you must come over with your dear lord to employ your best endeavours to do me kindness; but if any colour of justice be observed in their procedure, and not fear, (for Oates* and Bedlows can swear any mortal dead,) or if they take me only upon my religion, for that is so odious it will hardly be ventured on. But if they should, you may judge of the joy it must bring to a catholique. Let your lord look to the elections that are to be made for this Convention, for much will depend upon who are to be my judges, seeing no man (not our Blessed Lord) has escaped the clamour of an incensed multitude and of partiale prejudicated judges.

To escape out of their hands is impossible, and few, however much obliged, stick by me now. Even James Smith who had starved had it not been for me, and to whom I had gott a gifte, which I believe may yield him 1200—, as I have too good grounds to believe, has played the rogue and pretended he saw

* Titus Oates and his fellow conspirator, whose doings seem to have haunted the Chancellor, as he alludes to them several times in the course of these letters.—Ed.

papers by me, which God knows I never had. But I have not yett had one uneasie thought upon all these matters. I am in great quiet and peace, and I have not a wish but that the will of God be done in all that relates to me. Blessed are they who suffer for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Either we must believe or not, and if we do, I have some reasons to be fully satisfied, for I have injured no man, and I suffer for God, and with my lawful and most deserving Prince, who both by his birth is my sovereign, and by his merite deserves it. It's true that these Nations have cast off his government, but it is not for his injustice, but for their own satisfactions, in this distracted humour they are gott into, and they may even in this life see their error when they cannot help it. But wisdom is justified of her children. I gett no newes save from the common Letter, all correspondence with my friends being quite interrupted. So soon as our Lords are returned from London, I suppose I will be either disposed of to the better or to the worse (which wil be my gain). In the meantime I pray God dailly (and if I should say hourly it were no lye) for your and your Lord's conversion to the catholique faith, which is never so lovely as when suffered for, and which is able only to carry you to a happy eternity.

And who can dwell with everlasting burnings? Would to God that all prejudice and biass were concord and * * * * * your mind and that you saw death as it really is * * * * * the prospect of death. O death, (says one,) how unbyassed are thy councells! You would then bless the hour that ever you were born, and rejoice in time, for what you would hope for to eternity. All other hopes are presumptions, and must end in despair. Only here is peace and joy, and all that's sweet, if wee persevere, for only to such as persevere is the crown given. I thank God for your health and that of your children. May our Lord bless all of you! Write sometimes to me. Remember that I told you once, that if my life and * * * * I could not mind you to think of what is necessary for your salvation, it might be my death might work that effect. God grant it may!

My dearest Sister, while I live I will honour and love you and pray for you to my gracious Lord, to whose most holy protection I recommend you.

[The Chancellor was detained a prisoner in Stirling Castle from the period of his capture till, by warrants of the Privy Council of dates 28th June and 4th August, 1693, he was allowed to be liberated on giving bond to leave the kingdom, under a penalty of 5,000*l.* His subsequent travels are recorded under his own hand in the following unaffected and singularly descriptive and characteristic letters.]

LETTER IV.

Rotterdam, 24rd Nov. 1693.

My dearest Sister,

Being to go to Antwerp to-morrow, and the Scotish fleet being to saill within a week, and finding that I gett no letters from Scotland since I left it, I chuse this conveyance as far the more sure, though it may prove more slow than the post. At my arrivall I wrote a letter to serve for the friends I left at Fetteresso,* and for you too; I cannot tell if it got through. In it I told you what dangers we had escapt in a storm, which all in this country say was by far the greatest they have seen these 18 years past. Now I have spent 6 weeks in seeing this province and the town of Uteright,† and you may easily imagine it has been a pleasant enough time to me, for in every place we gott Church-men, who proved very obligeing, and who gott us the occasion of seeing whatever

* Fetteresso, the principal seat of the Earl Marischall, where twenty years later, in 1715, the Chevalier was met by that nobleman, the Earl of Mar, and a following of thirty other nobles, chiefs of clans, and highland gentlemen, from their head quarters at Perth, when he reached Scotland after the battles of Sheriffmuir and Preston.—Ed.

† Utrecht.

was curious, as Catholicks here have all the liberty they can wish for. Only they being of the best quality and haveing largest possessions suffer most by taxes, and have no share in the government: but they have organs and musick in their chappells. Liveing here is excessive dear; and as to strangers, there are some things as to accommodation uneasy enough. We leave this place to-morrow, haveing already hyred our yaucht. It will cost us three dayes sailing, though the wind should favour us, for the nights are long, and all nights the yauchts lye at anchor, seeing we saill over flats and overflow'd countrys where the steeples are yet standing out of the water. If it please God we gett safe to Antwerp, and time enough to overtake the Scotish fleet by our letters, I will write again.

My wife is recovered, and I am as I use to be or rather better. Wee have no news here. A frosty winter may afford enough. All the expectation is whether the English Parliament can or will afford the vast sums necessary for the present exigencies of the Confederacy; for all is at stake and much depends upon their behaviour.

We hear that our friends are well besouth our hand. The loss of my Lady Erroll,* of Maxwell, and Wachap, is very considerable. Mrs. Ogelvy dyed before my Lady Erroll.

Blair's son † is pretty well recovered. My Lord Wintown‡ and the Archbishop of Glasgow § came hither with me. We found the Earl of Wintown at Amsterdam and the Archbishop at Lyden.

* Lady Katharine Carnegie, younger daughter of James second Earl o Southesk, and widow of Gilbert tenth Earl of Erroll, who died in 1674.— Ed.

† The son of Blair Drummond. See page 1.—Ed.

‡ George fourth Earl of Wintoun, who succeeded his father in 1650. He had served in a military capacity at Bothwell-brig and other memorable occasions; and was with James Duke of York when his ship was lost, on her voyage to Scotland, in May 1682. He died in 1704, and his son George forfeited the peerage for his share in the rebellion in 1715. —Ed.

§ John Paterson, translated from the see of Edinburgh to that of Glasgow in 1687, and deprived at the Revolution.—Ed.

You see I write you chatters for want of better news. You may send to Strowen Murry for the book I told you of; he promised to gett it and give it to Mr. David Drummond, Advocate, at Edinburgh. I write this letter both to your dear Lord and for you. Let him find here the tender of my most humble service and cordiall affectionate duty. God bless you both and all your dear family, Conbe and Scally [*sic.*] I long to hear of my friends, for I'm quite ignorant at present. God send me good news of Mr. James.* If you hear not from me by the post, conclude it is the government, and not I who occasion it, for I shall write as often as needful; and I hope you will believe that my most tender affection and esteem will never faill you. I believe Dr. Livingston may probably be in Scotland shortly; if he be he'll tell you all that relates to me. Now, my dear Sister, remember me, and conclude that your Lord and you have an absolute command over me. My wife is a most humble servant to my Lord and you. Any letter you direct to me must be sent to Mr. David Drummond, Advocate, at Edinburgh.

Adieu, my dearest sister.

There is a bookseller in this town, a genteell well bred man, who keeps his coach, &c. He's both very learned and a mighty virtuoso; he is causing make a Dictionaire Historique like that of Moreri's, but it will be incomparibly finer. One Monsieur Baile† works hard to have it fine and true: this M^r. Baile is a most knowing man; both he and Leers, who is the bookseller, are my friends, and would fain oblige me by giveing an account of my family and those of my nearest relations. I hope you will give me a short one of my Lord Erroll's, and get my Lord Keith‡ to do as

* Her second son, the Hon. James Hay.—Ed.

† Peter Bayle, the author of the celebrated Biographical, Historical, and Critical Dictionary which bears his name. He was at this period in his prime of life, about forty-six years of age, and died in 1706.—Ed.

‡ The writer's son-in-law, William, eldest son of the Earl Marischall. (See p. 23.)—Ed.

much for his, and it will enrich the book and do us no dishonour. Pray let this be done and sent over with the first Scotish fleet, directed for me, either by Mr. Thomas Graham factor, or by Mr. Panton, by them to be given to Dr. Carny in the West Wagen street at Rotterdam. Faill not in this.

LETTER V.

Antwerp, 30th March, 94.

Dearest Sister,

Yours of 11th February came last Sunday; it gave me * I gott of my friends since I came from home * * children's perfect recovery and * * * * filled me with conten * * * * * had passed so * * * * * * hope and that * * * * * * Dr. Livi[ngston] * * * * and * * * * * * * * * * * * * [excepting her] acquaintance with the Dutchess of Arschote * (who is Princess of Arenberg), a most excellent lady, my wife has not one acquaintance except religious women. I have got friends now among the cloysters: men of great learning and excellent parts, and such as have given me another notion of Christian perfection than ever I had before; and what King Charles the Second said when askt the difference betwixt the Catholic and Protestant religion, That the one was in jest and the other in earnest, comes very often in my mind, for here people labour in good earnest for heaven, as if they

* Aerschot, a town in South Brabant, nine miles from Louvaine.—Ed.

believed it did suffer violence, and their humility shows how afraid they are to lose their hold; they live every moment mindful of the last, which is to decide betwixt their bad or good state, and fearing to miscarry they do work out their salvation with fear and trembling. From 6 in the morning to 8 at night one may be either offering the Holy Sacrifice in conjunction with the priests of God, or singing the praise of the Almighty God at the Saluts,* or hearing exhortations, or performing some service to God in publick, all this in time of so many socialities or confraternities *
join to do God some particular service to honour him *

* * for us, and so many excellent wayes there
* * * our Lord on men's souls that *
* * * senseless country who *
* * * * interested men *
* * * * * and unfixtness
* * * * * * the devil's
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

how earnest people of all orders were to let us see their concerns. For me, I have been better than at home. We are now in midle of Passion week. Holy week comes next; and after Easter we resolve, for my wife's health, to go to Aix la Chapelle, to drink those famous waters. Spaa is near to Aix: but at present the ways to it are dangerous, for lately the Bishopp and Prince of Liege dyed suddenly of an apoplexy, the Holland Gazette said, *mal apropos pour les Alliez*. The Allies had 15,000 men in the town before; since that they have clapt in 15,000 more; so they have an army in it: this lying in the way to Aix renders the road full of murdering rogues. But the election is now to be the 20th April, and then the troops will remove. There are four pretenders, some say five: the Card. de Bullion, who is best beloved both by the chapter and town; the

* An evening service, so called from the Roman Catholic hymn sung before the host, "*O Salutaris Hostia!*"—Ed.

Elector of Colloign, suported by his brother, the Duc of Baviere; the Great Master of the Teutoniq order, suported by his brother in law the Emperor; the Dean, whose name is Mean, a man of no quality but of parts, suported by the Hollanders and their Statholder; and some say Cardinal Furstanburg: so there are two French, viz. the Cardinals, and 3 Allies. They say the 3 Allies concur in the Elector of Colloign, and the 2 French in Bullion; who carries it is yet very uncertain: but most people believe it will be Colloign, for the Confederates dare not vex the Duke of Baviere.* Other news at present this country affords none. If in any thing my wife and I could serve you here, it would be a favour to us to receive your commands. Give our service to your dear Lord, to Lord Hay † and all the children, and my blessing to Anne. Let me know if she is much markt, and how her sister Keith has escapt and all your own babies. Many in this town trade with France; so it is known how all our friends there are, altho' we dare not correspond with them. A Fleemish cavallier, who lately arrived, says he saw my son dance before both courts à Versailles on Shrove Tuesday's night with great approbation. All our other friends are well and chearfull, as are all your nephews at Doway. My Lord Aboyn the Jesuite ‡ came and saw us here and stayed a week; he's a most sweet youth, and

* The death of the Bishop of Liege, as Rapin notices, afforded the French a good opportunity for embroiling the affairs of the confederates. Their strong effort was to get the Cardinal of Bouillon advanced to the principality, as a prelude to forcing their offered terms of peace upon the Allies. The Chapter of Liege, however, chose the Elector of Cologne, and the rest the Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, to be their prince and bishop. This double election was likely to create much trouble, for the Grand Master being so nearly related to the Emperor, and the Elector, his competitor, brother to the Elector of Bavaria, whose interest was supported by his Britannic Majesty and the States of Holland, a clash of great interests was imminent. The Grand Master fortunately died before the decision of the see of Rome could be received, and the Elector of Cologne succeeded soon after, peacefully, to the bishopric and principality.—Ed.

† The eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Erroll.—Ed.

‡ Charles the 2nd Earl, affectionately called the Jesuite, but who nevertheless abjured "Papestry," and in 1698 was allowed to take his place in Parliament, declaring he had joined the true Protestant communion!—Ed.

humble like the dust of the street; fr. Jas. Innes came with him. I wish that Charles Fleeming's* friends would send him £100 sterling to pay his pension in the College, and mony to carry him home, for he loses time there. Pray acquaint his friends with this. Let me always have full and frequent accounts both of your own family and all my children, and of all things you judge proper; and believe me to you and all yours a most intirely affectionate and obedient servant.

Adieu.

LETTER VI.

Antwerp, 25th April, 1694, 11 *a'clock at night.*

Dear Sister,

Since your last, in which you mentioned your mistake of the children's haveing the small pox, I have not wrote to you, for my last was of the 30th March. Your love to me is a pleasure I value infinitely. Believe that none liveing can love you and your dear Lord better than I do, nor so well neither, for none knows your merite so well. We are just going to Bruxelles within an hour, so we watch this night; but I would not go further from you without saluting you. I am glad your dear family has escaped the small pox so hapily; give my service to your Lord and all yours, and reckon upon my poor service and good wishes. Let me know if you read Papin† with attention, and tell me your thoughts of him. My

* John 3d Earl of Wigton married Lady Jane Drummond, daughter of the second Earl of Perth. Their youngest son was named Charles; but the Charles above-mentioned is apparently his nephew, the younger son of William 5th Earl of Wigton, and who succeeded his brother John, as seventh Earl, in 1744.—Ed.

† Isaac Papin, some time a minister of the Church of England, but reconciled to that of Rome, and the author of several shrewd and able polemical treatises, and precisely such works as the writer, a similar convert from Protestantism, would be likely to recommend

wife is your servant and a servant to all yours. She has gott a friend here who is a person of so much merite that we are charmed with her. It is the Princess of Arenberg (who is Duchess of Arschote here). She lost her lord at the battle of Blanquement* 3 years ago. She is only 23 years of age, but wise enough to be 80, and beautifull as at 15; *en fin*, a most accomplished princess, and one who has a vast deal of goodness for us. My wife has made her in love with you and my daughter Mary. Give my blessing to Anny. We have no news, all being quiet here as yet, and indeed the great effort is like to be towards Germany and Spain (if Savoy be not so wise as to make peace, he may suffer too). I have no more room but to bid you most tenderly

Adieu.

LETTER VII.

Antwerp, 5th May, 1694.

Dear Sister,

Although I wrote to you the 25th of last moneth, I cannot leave this place without taking leave of you, although my adieu will be long of reaching you. If I could express my affection for you and all your dear family you would be convinced that never brother loved a sister with more tenderness. But words are but wind. If ever I be able I will convince you of my faithfull service by more substantiall proofs. Give my most humble service to dear Lord, Lord Hay, Lady Mary, Mr. James, and all your hopefull sweet babies. I cannot but still hope that God will give you and them

to his sister, for whose change of faith he was earnest and urgent. In 1687 Papin had published, "Of the Toleration of the Protestants, and of the Authority of the Church," of which there was a new edition in 1692.—Ed.

* Where Prince Lewis of Baden, in August, 1691, attacked and routed the Turks.—Ed.

the light of the true faith; all lyes in your will, which I pray our Lord to bend to a sweet complyance with his divine call, and then you will be as happy as I wish you, which is not a litle felicity.

For news we have none, but we have just now received an account of a very strange thing happened at Prague, the chief town of Bohemia, within these 6 weeks. The Prince of Nassau, who is Governor of Mastreicht, his son writes it to his father, as many merchants and religious men have done to their correspondents; it is thus:—

There was a Jew who had a very pretty sweet-natured witty child to his son, of about 8 years old; he used to be playing with Christian boys, who it seems were zealous enough to be endeavouring to gett him made Christian, and at last gott the boy to go to the Catechism with them at the Jesuits. He continued to go thus 3 whole years, untill he came to be well instructed, and then he beged to be baptized, and ever after he carryed his chaplet in his hand to prayers, kissing his cross and triumphing in his being a Catholick. His father strove to gett him perverted, and begun to be harsh with him; the father who was his confessor, fearing they would be too cruel to the child, gott the Archbishop to remove him from his father; but the father disembled his rage against his son so well that they let the boy return to him. So soon as they gott him, he put him to bread and water, and twice a week he scourged him to that degree of cruelty that he bathed him in his own blood. But the poor child never uttered a word, but that he thanked our Lord he was a Catholick. His father, seeing he could not prevaill, took another Jew with him, and entered the cave or cellar where he had allways kept the child prisoner, and told him he was come to make his last essay to recover him to the religion of his fathers; if he would yield he should be made so rich that his life should be as pleasant as he pleased, but if not he would dye. The child said he was most willing to render up a life to Almighty God which he had only to use for his glory in what man-

ner he pleased to call for it. That to shed his blood for his dear Lord, who had shed his precious blood for him, was the death he had ever wished. That he accepted of it from his own father's hand as a favour, and that far greater than that of giveing him a temporal life; he was only sorry that the parricide must suffer for so great a crime. The father then and that cruell assistant threw down the child on his back. The father put his knees upon his breast and the other turned about his head to break his neck, while he cryed out, Jesus, Maria, sweet Jesus receive my soul, and accept my thanks for your dearest favours. They buried him in the cave. Six weeks after, when the child was missed, the Christians began to enquire after him. The father said he was dead and buried as the Jews use to bury their dead. I forgott to tell you that they had bruised his head too, that his brains had come out in several places.

The magistrates would needs raise the body, so the Jew must needs shew where it was; which he did. They found the body as fresh as if asleep; it bled, the brains were sweet, neither stink nor corruption, nor the blood so much as congealed in his veins. The father was immediately put in prison. The boy exposed three days in the cathedral. The father told all that had passed, and said that the accursed boy vexed him so with his chaplet, and the hated names of Jesus and Mary, that had he been the whole world in one person he had killed him. The Archbishop, magistrates, and great many people of quality, clad in red garments, went to the church, where the concourse was incredible. They sung a mass of thanksgiving, instead of one for the dead, and carryed the body of the holy child to its buriall under a cloath of red velvet fringed with gold, and glorified God who had supported the litle martyre in his passion. The Prince of Nassau says he was so hapy as to kiss his dear litle hand, which was as soft as if he had been alive, and his face had a sweetness in it which charmed him.

The relation is sent to Rome; what will be done upon it we know not; but I would not scruple to beg the Blessed saint's in-

tercession. His father found a way to strangle himself in prison, and was found in such a posture that it is not doubted but that he who instigated him to committ the villany, helped him to his reward. The story makes much noise here, and I hope it may edifie you. Communicate it to my daughter Mareschall and to Anne, to both whom I give my blessing. Tell the whole house of Mareschall I'm their faithful servant. My Lord Mareschall's death was in the Bruxelles Gazette yesterday. Tell my daughter * I'll write her from Aix by first occasion. My wife gives to you and all yours and to all at Jenny's her faithful service. The weather here is excessive hott and dry, and pestilential fevers are very frequent. Troops arrive daily from England; but I find at Bruxelles they look for no great matters this campaign.

Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

Aix la Chapelle, 14th 15th May, 1694.

My dearest Sister,

Seeing I know that nothing can please you better than to have an exact account of all the adventures of a brother you love so well, and seeing I can have no greater pleasure than to converse with you, I'll give you account of every step we make. Wee left Antwerp the 8th instant, about 8 in the morning, and came through a delightfull country to Herentalls to dinner, and from that to Gheel to bed; this place is famous for the martyrdome of a Prince of Ireland's daughter, called St. Dympna,† who would not

* George eighth Earl Marischal, dying in 1694, was succeeded by his son William, who had married Lady Mary Drummond, eldest daughter of the Earl of Perth.—Ed.

† This legend is pleasantly recited in Mr. Dudley Costello's late publication on the Meuse.—Ed.

yield to her father's incestuous designs, but became a Christian, fled to this place, was pursued by her father and murdered, together with her confessor. Many mad people recover here, and other miracles are wrought. There is a parish church, and this colledgiall one of the Saint, served by a dean and 8 chanoins. Wee resolved to come through the Campain, a wild country belonging to the bishoprick of Liege, to shun robing, and meeting with French partys; and indeed a wilder country cannot be, except for hills, for the moors are barren and perfectly uninhabited; we went 4 hours at one time without meeting any house. We dined at a litle village, where we got sad fare, but we saw a marriage which gave us some diversion. The bryde was very much aviced * as ever I saw. The brydegroom a lusty young fellow. She, with all her chief maids, had black taffita aprons; they had neither pype nor fidle, but abundance of the whitest beer I ever saw; a kind of pap, like sowens †, with milk: rice, and milk, and eggs, as thick as a tancy ‡; stewed veal with currens for the chief folks, and some roisted beef with butter and bread; and this made up the whole feast. I thought they had no danceing out of regard to Sunday; but the parish priest was as strick as any whig in Galloway; for, under pain of excommunication, he would have no dancing in his jurisdiction. My wife called for the bryde, as I did for the brydegroom, and made them and their chief folks take a glass of our sack, which pleased them most exceedingly. That night we came through a barren heath to a pitifull village called Saint Tron; in the way there was a small village, where a pretty well clad man came with a can of excellent beer, and offered us a drink; I fancyed it was to sell, and so took a litle of it; he urged our man, who drove the

* Avised, full of life. Li vis a pou d'amis, li mors n'en a nus. *Old Proverb.*—Ed.

† A kind of furmity.—Ed.

‡ Tanaceti Succus (says good old Minshew, folio 1617,) *cum* ouolútei *in patella* frixus cum butyro, lumbricis aduersatur, TANSIE fried with butter and the yolkes of egges in a panne, is good to eat against worme in the belly.—Ed.

Berline (we went into) to drink, and when we offered him money he laughed at us, and was so frank that nothing could be more. He told us in very good French that since the death of the grand maître 3 chanoins of Liege were dead; he seemed to lyke the grand maître better than the Bishop of Colloign; he told us too that the disease that reigned at Liege cutt off about 300 a day, and that they begun to fear it would turn a pest; but that Mastricht was free. That night we lay in a most pitifull house upon straw, and had not one with us gott a hen (by good luck) we had fasted: but Mary Achmuty made us a litle broth, and we lay till the under pastor called us to mass. Next day we dined at as sad a place, where we could gett nothing but eggs which were very bad, and but 3 or 4 of them; the French, to whome they pay contribution, haveing taken all their henns last year. We were now gott within 4 hours of Mastricht, and so we cared the less: we arrived about 5 at night, and (that I might see the town) we stayed there. I deferred seeing the great church untill next morning, resolveing to hear mass there: so I went about to other places. It proved to be their chief fair: and then there is so entire a freedom that no body can be arreasted. The chief thing I saw was a miraculous crucifix in a monestry of Augustine nuns. It seems a very virtuous man had vowed to go to visite the Saint Sepulchre; at his return he gave chaplets and litle reliques he had brought to all his family; one poor girl, his youngest child, was abroad at mass when he made his distribution. At her return she beged her papa to give her some litle token of devotion too. Alas, child, said he, all's gone save one walnut which I brought from Mount Olivet. *C'est assez pour moy, dit elle,* and away she runs to the garden and plants it, praying God it might grow to be a mark of his favour to her; it grew to be a tree, and she became a nun in this monastry; at last the thunder broke the tree, and in the heart of it was found this crucifix, larger than a boy of about 13 years of age. The good nuns were reduced to a very few by a kind of plague last year; they took us into their house (for this order can

do that), and to their garden; which (within a town) is large. Walking there, who should I see enter but my Lord Balcarras,* and so we gott home to our lodging, and talked and supped together. Next day I went to the great church, which is a very antient building. The town is all Catholick, save for a few Hollanders and the garrison. They have two churches for their meetings, but there are all sorts of religious orders in the town; it stands low, environed with hills, seated on the banks of the Meuse, is prodigiously strong, and famous enough, as you know. Next day we dined at a place called Gallop [Gulpen], where a French party were within a legue of us; here we met with two servants of the grand maître, who were going to Dusseldorp, to his brother, I think to carry him an account of the design Mean the Dean † had to chuse, with his party, the grand maître's brother the Bishop of Breslaw to be Bishop of Liege: but, although they continue very stiff in their design to keep out Pope Clement, he is like to be the man; that is, his election stands fairest to be approved. We had thunder and rain in our way hither, which was only 4 hours, but the tempest was soon over; here we found an old great town full of cloysters. Charlemaigne loved it above all his other dominions, for it is environed with woods and hills for hunting. The fountains people drink for health are hott, and smoke terribly; when the cock is turned the water stinks terribly of rotten eggs, of which it tastes too. My wife and I begune today, and it purges much. It is pleasant to see the ladys go into their retiring places and leave their doors open and talk with one another frankly; it is true the men and they go not to the very same lodge, but they hear all that can be heard; and indeed necessity has no law. What effects the waters will have with us I cannot tell, but

* Colin, third Earl of Balcarres, the author of a memoir on the Revolution of 1688, and afterwards engaged in the Rebellion of 1715, from the consequences of which he was saved by the interest of his friend the Duke of Marlborough.—Ed.

† See page 16.

now it is about noon they have given off to work, and I never was so hungry. Sir Wm. Dick's necessity will oblige me to drink yours and your family's and the whole house of Innerugy's healths in very good over-Moselle wine. And so far you have the history of our journey. Send it to my daughter, and believe that to your family and Earl Marischall's I'm just what you would have me, with all duty and respect. Adieu.

15th day.

We have here a garrison of 3000 men; yet the town pays 24,000 crowns contribution to the garrison of Luxemburgh.

Adieu.

LETTER IX.

Anvers, 17th June, 1694.

My dearest dear Sister,

I think I gave you a full account in my last of all our varitys about Aix; this shall give you an account of our return. While we were there my wife gott acquainted which Countesse de Manderstate Gerolstine, one of a family which had been formerly sovereigns of all the * * * *, as to her husband, and herself a Countesse of the family of Coningseck; her brother was Vice-Chancellor of the empire, and the ablest minister the Emperor had; he dyed lately. This good old lady did my wife all the civil things she could possibly think of, and carried her to Boursebe (a monastry of nuns, all ladys, who live at their ease, and keep 3 or 4 coaches for their conveniency), and to all the walks about town; and general Lybie [de Lippe?] (who commands the Elector Palatine's troops) and his lady were very obligeing. We left Aix on Munday, and came to Mastricht, where a baron, a young gentleman who is of great quality, and has learnt English by his own industry without a master, would fain have had us lye at his

house, which is a very noble one, but we excused our selves. I could see by him he intends to leave all and turn Capuchine; he left me late at night with tears in his eyes. Next day we dined at Tongres, where a Madam of Antwerp (who generally are of no quality, proud, rich, and uneasy to please,) dined with us in our inn, as she was upon her way to Antwerp from the waters; nothing could please her, and my wife and she had almost fallen out about the Duchess of Arenberg, who was not it seems so much in the wife's favour as my wife would have wished.

We came at night to Saint Tron, which (as Tongres, Tirlemont, and generally all that country do) pays contribution to the French. Next day we came to Tirlemont to dinner, haveing come betwixt Lieve [Lewe] and Landen,* over the field where the battle was fought last year. The ground that's cultivated has two stalks of that popie which you call cock-poscs for one of grain; and where it is lying untilled a scarlet sheet is not of a deeper dye nor seems more smooth than all the ground is with those flowers, as if last year's blood had taken root and appeared this year in flowers. There we could see heads and bones of limbs, skellets [skeletons] of horses, old hatts, shoes, holsters, sadles, &c. here and there over the field. The river Geet is so pitifull a brook that with a running leap one would think to leap it, but it is so deep that except by brydges no horse can cross it; and there too it was encreased with rain: we past it at Neer-haspen, below near Landen, where it seems there had been a huge slaughter that morning. We drove very slowly, and took a guide who had been so curious as to be in the battle, which he says has satisfied his curiosity sufficiently, for he went to see sport, and had almost payed for it in earnest. We gott to Tirlemont before 11 o'clock, where there are the greatest number of fine churches for so very small a place that ever I saw in

* The battle of Landen, where King William braved the French attack, 29th July, 1693, and was defeated with the loss of 7,000 men; but so crippled the enemy as to preclude the idea of pursuit.—Ed.

all my life. One chapell is served by chanoins who are only clerks; they may marry and keep their prebendaries [prebends]. They hyre chaplains who are priests to serve: the Dean and one more is a priest; all the rest are not: it was founded by a Countess 600 years agoe. After dinner, when I was going out to see when we would be ready to part, a tall black man (like Oates' Don John) accosted me with a great bow. *Monseigneur* (sayes he), *votre Excellence voyra quelque chose de beau si elle vouloit seulement prendre la peine d'aller au Capucins, ou j'auray l'honneur de l'accompagner.* I was surprised at that place to be treated so. I asked him who he was to whom I owed the favour of so civil an invitation; he told he was the King of Spain's subject, overseer of the customs there; that the comptoire which had formerly been at Mons was now brought to Tirlemont. Whether in looking to our trunks he had seen any marks of the order I carry I cannot tell; but I'm sure he made them be opened only for fashion's sake, for he touched no kind of thing; however he still treated me *en* Monseigneur, although I told him no such thing was due to me. He carryed me to the Capucins, where I saw what I told them was the Versailles of the Capucins, for the church was neat, well adorned, and well lighted, the house very clean and sweet, though poor, as became their order. But 2 or 3 lay brothers who understood gardenry had made their garden (which is very large) one of the noblest things one could see. The long walks with heges cutt like velvet, higher than two storys of any house in Scotland, were so pleasant, and nightingales every where affording us musick, that it looked like a litle paradise, and litle chapells in grottos adorned with doleful pictures of our Lord's dolourous passion excited our devotion. I was very sorry my wife could not enter the place. He showed me a laborinth, a large fountain in the midst of it, where the Duke of Luxemburg had brakefasted two days after the Battle of Landen, and said, *s'ill auroit pleu au bon Dieu que le retablissement du bon Roy Jacques auroit été le fruit de cette victoire, on auroit eû plus de consolation.* I seemed to

have no great concern in victories. That night we past within a bow-shot of the abbay of Park, where the head quarter of the Confederate army uses to be. It is almost at the very gate of Lovain. When we gott into the town we were at 40 cabaretts to gett lodging (it was the eve of Corpus Christi), and could not find where to cover our heads. (The army lay at Bathlem [Berthem], a quarter of an hour off, the other side next Bruxels, which filled the town with officers.) We stoped near one of the doors of the great church at a great cabaret door, to intreate were it but a stable to have some shelter, when a woman with a maid following her came to the Berline side (this is a kind of traveling coach used here), and addressing herself to me she said, *Mon dieu, Monsieur, que je suis fachée de ce que vous ne povez pas trouver de cabarete ou loger: voulez vous et Mademoiselle votre femme venir chez moy? vous serrez le tres bien venú; je ne tiene pas maison publick, mais je ne puis pas m'empécher de vous tirer de la misere ou je vous voy, car il faut que vous couchiez dans les rues si l'on ne vous accomode pas dans quelque maison particulière.* I gave her thanks, and accepted of her most obligeing offer, and seeing her in a *faille* (which is a great scarf of tafita for the best that use them, and of worsted for others, as indeed hers was), I expected no good lodging; but when we came in I found the entry full of pictures. She carried us into a room handsomely drest and very large and well proportioned. It was now quite dark. She called for lights, and when I saw all I began to think it must be some painter. But it proved to be one of the best Advocates in town, who when he gott my story from the English fathers (for here are both Benedictines and Dominicans), he wept for joy to think he had had the good luck (as he esteemed it) to be usefull to one who he believed had suffered somewhat for God. I confess it was a charity one will hardly find in a country where to lodge strangers is not a part of religion, as it is here; we might have been a troop of gypsies for her, and she said, "I judged you English and Protestants, but that does not cooll charity, in as far as God gives us grace to see

when to exercise it." She made a very good dinner for us, but we were forced to let our servants eat it, for the English Augustine Nuns (who are 53 in community) made us dine with their chaplain, which is all they could do. They are all women of quality. With them we kept the feast of Corpus Christi, and just as we were going to dinner I heard one speaking broad Scotch in the next room. I went to see who it was, and it proved a Dundee man, a soldier, who came to enquire for a man who he supposed lived at Lovain, for he said to Father Confessor, "Pray, Sir, kenn ye Willie Brown, my friend? he's a Dundee-man and my cousine." The good father told him he didnot, and added that the monastry was no fitt place for soldiers, except when they came to reconcile themselves to God and participate of the sacred mysteries. After that came in an old Irish Doctor, who had been 11 times rector of the university; a rich easy man, who values not the King of Spain or his own master a rush. He intended to have invited me to his dinner, which generally is the best in Lovain, but we were already at table. After dinner we parted, and came through the Confederates' camp; the army was not all gathered, yet it made a pretty enough show. We came at night to Malines, where we had a noble friend, the Countesse of Rupelmonde, cousine german to the late Duc of Arenberg, and the best friend his widow the Dutches has; it was late, so we did not see her that night. We stayed at Lovain, hopeing to have seen the procession, which is the solemnest of all the year. But they durst not expose our Lord's body to the insolence of so many soldiers of a different religion, which heartily vexes the citizens. Next morning we went to see an abbay of Norbertines.* (They wear all white, and furnish many parishes with pastors, haveing the presentation of many churches: they wear in their parishes quite another habit from what they wear in the

* An order better known as that of *Prémontré*, from its local cradle in France, founded by St. Norbert, who died bishop of Magdeburg in 1134. The rule is that of the Augustinian Canons regular, but was rendered more strict by St. Norbert, and made applicable to ascetics of both sexes.—Ed.

abbay, for here they wear cornered caps and camailles like bishops, but that it's white instead of violet, but there they wear cloaks and hatts, which makes the English take them for millers.) It is a new building, very sumptuous, and the church of a particular form, well lighted and very glorious. Countess Rupelmonde had gott notice of us, and had run from church to find us; we went home to her house, and she told us that to divert us untill dinner was ready she would carry us to the cathedrall, to the Jesuits, to a rich church of Norbertine nuns (who by the bye allow their chaplain £500 sterling a year), and to all the other places worth seeing, which she did; and here we saw a procession which had been delayed to this day. She prevailed with the dean of the cathedrall to show us Saint Romuald's body. He is the patron of the great church, apostle of that town, and first Pop [Pope or Bishop]; he lived 900 years since. He undertook the wall-work of building the cathedral, and payed his masons every Saturday night. The villains, finding they were punctually paid, imagined the good Bishop to be vastly rich: so one Munday morning they resolved to murder him as he came early to oversee the workmen. They have a kind of thing shaped like a how [hoe] with a long shaft, with which they make the lyme in these countrys; with these they killed the Saint, and searching for his treasure they found 4 Dutch scillings, which makes about 2*s*. 4*d*. English money. The picture of this is done so very finely (as to the design) in the Beguins church that I'm tempted to take a copy of it, for confusion, fear, astonishment, and surprise of their disappointment appear in the fellows' looks. We dined with the Countess, and after dinner we came hither, where in the way we met 2 or 3 Scots regiments, to whom I wished all the felicity they deserved. This is an account of our voyage.

Yo'll have heard before now that the King has thought fitt to lay aside E. Melfort,* but with all the expressions of goodness for him

* John Earl of Melfort, the second son of James the third Earl of Perth, like his elder brother the Chancellor, adhered zealously to James II. He was Deputy Governor of

imaginable; he had so many enemies that it was not possible to hold out any longer. Just now an express from the Duke of Baviere to our Bishop orders prayers to be said and our Lord's body to be exposed for the success of the King of Spain's arms, they being every moment expecting to engage the French. The Dauphine past the Sambre on Saturday, that is five days ago, and now the armys are hard by one another; whether the Allies be as willing to fight as is said I cannot tell, but we are told they are casting up works and entrenching their camp. Every body here are impatiently longing to hear news, and the boat from Bruxells is looked for with great earnestness by most people; both armies are very much stronger than they have been since the warr. My wife gives you her most affectionate faithfull service, as both of us do to Earl Erroll. Earl Marischall's resolution of leaveing his house surprised me exceedingly, and seems to me to be a rash, unadvised action. I pray God he do not repent him of it. Tell Sir William

Edinburgh Castle, 1680, and Secretary of State, 1684. He was created Viscount Melfort in Argyllshire, (a part of the Duke of Argyll's forfeited estate,) and Lord Drummond, of Gilestoun, in 1685; and in 1686 the higher honours were conferred upon him of Earl of Melfort, Viscount of Forth, and Lord Drummond of Riccartoun. The patent, dated August 12th, conveys the peerage to the heirs male of his second marriage, passing over his two sons by his first wife of the family of Lundin, who were stanch Protestants, whereas the Earl was a bigoted convert to the Romish faith. This disposition was the cause of conflicting claims. James Drummond, of Lundin, the grandson of the first marriage, assumed the title of Earl of Perth in 1766, and his son James, the father of the present Lady Willoughby de Eresby, was created a British peer by the title of Lord Perth in 1797, which dignity became extinct on his death in 1809. The second family, to whom Lord Melfort bequeathed his estates, as Roman Catholics, were the children of Euphemia Wallace, daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, a Lord of Session. The Lady was countenanced by Louis XIV., and kept a fashionable faro-table in Paris, where she lived to be ninety years old. Lord Melfort accompanied King James to Ireland, and in 1690 was created Duke of Melfort. He was attainted and outlawed in 1694-5, and died at St. Germain's in 1714. He was one of the handsomest men of his time, and his dancing was considered the finest which the Court could exhibit: and dancing in these days was esteemed a great accomplishment. His heir, John Duke of Melfort, died in 1752, and was succeeded by a son, Thomas, whose son Charles-Edward (we believe) claimed the Perth title about forty years ago, which led to a law-suit with his brother Maurice, who disputed his right on the ground of birth before marriage.—Ed.

Keith (whose Scot I am and to all his family) that I hope he will be carefull of my Lord's concerns in his absence. I hear that the Government with you are proceeding to forefault people for being in France. Send me an account of all that's going. You see if I forgett you. My 3 last were of 6th, 12th, and 25th May. Give my service to all your family. I'm sorry for the accident you tell me happened to dear Mr. James; I pray God to recover him.

Adieu.

I forgott to tell you the masons of Malines dare not make their lyme with the ordinary instruments [the hoes], because they killed the Saint with one; so they, and they only, use shovels for that use. Give my service to the Countesse of Marischall and all other friends.

LETTER X.

Antwerpe, 1st July, 1694.

My dearest Sister,

It is now a great while since I had any letter from you, and the retiredness of this place affords no matter for a letter, except, what never will faill you, my kindness, suply it. My last was of 25th May; it, with those of 25th Aprill, 6th and 12th May, gave you a very compleat account of our travels to Aix, and of our return; and if all mine be come safe to your hand you will not complain of my silence. This goes by my Lord Haddo,* who is a very solid young gentleman; and who will one day make an able man if he getts good breeding. I have showed him all the varieties of this place, and he could not have a better occasion; for his religion and being a stranger are great stops to this rustic country. He will tell you that the Armies are vastly numerous; the Confederates being about 90,000 and the French 145,000 men; what will be done God only knows. The Confederates are intrenched, and it is feared the French may besiege some place; Liege and

* Heir apparent of the first Earl of Aberdeen.—Ed.

Mastricht are most in danger, for the French are betwixt the Confederates and those places.

We hear little from Germany. De Lorge is twice Prince Lewis's number, and in Spain all goes with the French to their wish. The Turks talk much of their force, but they do nothing, and Savoy never sees a campaign untill that of Spain be ended. This is at present the state of our affaires on this side of the water; you know best what's at sea, and how the descent has succeeded upon France. I was surprised when I heard that Earl Marischall was gone from home; now my wife has a letter from my daughter dated from London, but only tells us of their being there, and promises a further account by next occasion; I confess I think the journey was not to be rashly undertaken.

Earl Balcarras going from Aix was fallen upon by thieves, stript, robbed, and almost killed; but I'm in the wrong, it was not thieves but a party of the garison of Liege or Mastricht.

Our brother* had got such a tempest raised against him as he could not weather, so he's retired; he has gott enough if his master be ever restored, and at present all his pensions are continued. He goes to the waters of Bourbon, and after that it's said he goes for Italy.

My wife gives my lord and you her most faithfull affectionate service, as I cordially do, and to all your dear family. I wish I could testify my gratitude to you and yours. Adieu; forgive me to send this note to Annie.

Send me a copy of the receipt for a green shirt for the rickets, and of my Lady Halket's green oyntment with the spices and sweet herbs; there's 2 or 3 goose-dungs in it. Send me that of the Balagane salve; Lady Machany† will give it you; but want for nothing to send me all of them you have by you.

* The Earl of Melfort.—Ed.

† Lady Machany was the wife of Sir John Drummond of Machany, brother to Lillias Countess of Perth and Tullibardine (the writer's second wife), namely, Margaret, daughter of Sir William Stewart of Innernytie, second son of Sir William Stewart of Grandtully. (Wood's Douglas, ii. 553.)—Ed.

Let Dr. Murray be desired to send me a copy of his receipts for vapours, both that which was strong and the other which was so well tested; let these come with the first ships, for most letters adrest to me by post miscarry, so civill are the moderate Government to me.

LETTER XI.

Bruxells, 31st *July*, 1694.

My dearest Sister,

I have not heard from you a great while, which troubles me, nor has my daughter Marischall wrote ever since she arrived at London. We have been here these 15 days; but on Tuesday we go to Antwerp, and from that to Holland: for sickness is so frequent here that men die in multitudes. Only I hear of no great mortality in the armys. My Lady Betty Tarbot * is here, the Master being at the camp, which has made few movements these days past. This day we are told detachments from the Rhyn and from Normandy are come up to Monseigneur's army, so that the Confederates are like to retire. The harvest in France is now gathered in, and corn is so plentiful that they never had so much in any one year since man can remember; they will have as great a vintage if it be but free from rain: here the crops are admirable too, and fruits are so every where that the trees break with the load. I have gott two letters telling me my son is to be forefaulted. I wonder at it, for seeing he was but a child under Earl Melfort's care, and never gott the letter I was permitted to write to him (for it never came to his hands, as he made a Flanders merchant tell me seriously), and all commerce by letters being forbid to us, how could it be imagined he could come home? but I believe the ruine of my family is the design. But they can gett that no farther carryed on than God Almighty will permitt. I expect the worst they can do, and yet

* Lady Betty was the wife of John master of Tarbat, afterwards second Earl of Cromarty. She was the only daughter of Charles Gordon, first Earl of Aboyne.—Ed.

am not without hopes to have my family subsist when some of theirs are low enough.

I'm sorry poor Anne * has been so very ill; God will reward your care of her. Let me know how Mr. James does, and give my humble service to all friends, especially my dear Lord Erroll, Lord Hay, Lady Mary, and all your dear children.

I should have told you that, if it be my son's return the Government desires, he only wants a pass, security from prison and oaths, and you shall have him what time you please. Adieu.

Bruxells, 3rd Aug.

You would wonder to see the uncertainty people here are in, as to the accounts of the armys, which, though at 8 or 9 hours' distance, are as little known as to their strength as if they were in Hungary. One day we have the French 30,000 men stronger than the Confederates, next day we have the Confederates 12,000 foot stronger than they, though both agree that the French are much stronger in horse. But in all appearance the French will not fight but where their horse may be of use to them, and the Confederates have no mind to that by no meanes. The dispute is who shall decamp first, which 5 days now will discover, for all our great men write to their Ladys that in so long time they will be quite out of forrage, and must return towards Lovain, which is within 6 or 7 hours.

Antwerp, 5th Aug. 1694.

I have twice mist the occasion of sending this letter. I have nothing to add to it but to tel you that my son wants only a pass, otherwise he had undoubtedly made hast to Scotland. If it be not to destroy the family that the Government are takeing advantage, this would satisfy, and a pass would be sent: but what should I expect at this time? I saw a letter last night from Wurtzburg in Franconia from a very good hand. He says that Marischall de

* The writer's daughter Lady Anne Drummond, who was resident with her aunt the Countess of Erroll.—Ed.

Lorges has so ordered matters that he 'll send off all the detachments he designs for these countryes and for Italy, and not suffer Prince Lewis de Bade to pass the Rhyne; so (sayes he) all fruites we can hope to reap of this campaign is to save our corns upon our own side of the river. The Emperiall army in Hungary is not above 16,000 men, and if the Turks were not so divided as they are all were lost on that side. He says they had news there the 20th July that their neighbour the Duke of Saxe (who lately succeeded to his brother) is gone mad, that he killed one of his chief councellours at the very councell board, and that all is ascribed to witchcraft; so that they have seized upon the late Duke's mistress's sister, and used her after a most terrible manner. This is all the news we have, save that the English have done much hurt to Dieppe,* but were beat off from Havre de Grace. My service to my lord and all your family.

After a great heat we have had the weather now these 10 dayes as cold as in the end of October, which will make many sick.

LETTER XII.

Ghent, 9th Aug. 1694.

My dearest Sister,

I have not heard from you since you gott mine from Antwerp after my return from Aix la Chapelle, so that you want an account of our adventures in our return (if that letter is not come to your hands). Since that time we have stayed at Antwerp, where we are free from soldiers, for that town does not receive any garrison. Once we went to Hooghstrate, a fine bourg belonging to my Lady

* Bombarded by the English fleet under Lord Berkeley, July 12th, and dreadfully shattered by 1100 bombs and carcases. The place was in ruins, and the inhabitants, as well as two regiments of Bretagne sent to aid them, fled in such confusion, that had it been known the assailants might have landed and possessed or sacked it.—Ed.

Rhinegrave, to visite a monastry of Carmelite Nuns, all English (for the foundation is for that nation) except two, whereof Madam la Rhinegrave's daughter is one. Madam la Rhinegrave founded it herself, for she loves the English, and in all probability will end her days in the convent they have at Antwerp. The Countie of Hoogstrate fell to her upon her brother's death; he was mad. She has 3 sons, the Rhinegrave, the Compte de Salines, the Compte Sauvage, and 3 daughters. The eldest is the nun, the second Countess de Broway Spinola, and the third Marquiese d'Aisne. We found the nuns at Hooghstrate most obligeing. We have leave from the superior the Bishop of Antwerp to go into their house, where they treated us most nobly, and made us lye in the father confessor's lodgings; so we dined and supt the first day with them, and dyned the second day before we parted. My Lady Rhinegrave's daughter is subprioress; she speaks English perfectly well (as all are English here). They are really a family of saints; every where in their house you see a cleanly sweet poverty, you hear no discourse but of God, you can see cheerfulness and content in every face, and there is such an entire unity in their house that they are just one soul and one spirite, and certainly it is God's spirit that conducts them in that sweet peace and joy which reigns among them; and yet this house is but one of three of that order and nation in these parts, and every house is as good as the other, striveing which shall raise up the mainest saints for God's greater glory and their own advancement in the way of perfection. After the litle journey of Hooghstrate we continued at Antwerp untill the 16th July, that we went to Bruxelles upon the account of a festivall upon occasion of a consecrated Hostie, which about 500 years ago was stolen by a Jew and prophaned by him and his wicked companions, as he who is contained under the species of bread was used formerly by their forefathers; at last one of them struck a dagger into it, and the blood issued forth in such abundance as filled the whole floor. Some of them on sight of this miracle were

converted, and others, imputeing the thing to witchcraft, continued obstinate, and were burnt. This Hostie* is carryed about the streets in procession: and really it is very fine to see the solemnity. Att Bruxelles we waited for the second time on our old great-aunt Mademoiselle d'Argile, who is near 80 years old. She was daughter to the old Earl the Marquises father, one of four religieuses, their fifth sister haveing been mother to this Lord Rollo.† She speaks no English, is a good soul as lives, and in esteem with all the great folks at Bruxelles. She had another sister, a chanoinesse religieuse of Saint Augustine, Lady Victoria, a very fine lady. She herself is a most excellent musician, and though her voice faills much she sings true still, and plays finely on many instruments, but chiefly the organ. She composed a song for my wife, and made words and all, which shoes she is not quite broke; her name is Isabell. Her other sister at Bruxelles was in the Abbay of English Benedictines; Lady Barbara was her name; both she and Lady Victoria are dead lately. Att Bruxelles my wife and I became acquainted with most of the great ladys (for all the men were at the camp) by the Dutchess of Arenberg's meanes, who, were she our sister, could not carry to us with more affection. She is one of the most beautifull and every way accomplished ladys I ever saw,

* This legend has been very popular at Bruxelles ever since the 15th century, and is we believe still, or was till very lately, commemorated there at certain epochs; on which occasions the nave of the church of St. Gudule is richly decorated with tapestry representing the principal events of the legend. A history of the miraculous hostie was published in 1605 by a canon of St. Gudule, with engravings by Adrian Collaert, in which it is stated that the miracle took place in the year 1373, at Bruxelles. But, according to a MS. recently found in Trin. Coll. Dublin, temp. Edw. IV. containing a curious Miracle-play, founded on this legend, and entitled the play of the Blessed Sacrament, or the conversion of Sir Jonathas the Jew, "the miracle was wrought in the forest of Arragon, in the famous city of Araclea, in the year of our Lord God, 1461."—Ed.

† Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of Archibald seventh Earl of Argyll by his second wife Anne, daughter of Sir William Cornwallis, of Brome, co. Suffolk, was the second wife of James second Lord Rollo. Her sisters, the four *religieuses* above mentioned, are not noticed in Douglas's Peerage of Scotland. Her brother of the whole blood, James Campbell, was created Earl of Irvine.—Ed.

except our Queen, who deserves the preference for her merite of all I have known. Last week we came from Bruxelles to Antwerp, and now we are here in our way to Holland, where I design to pass over 20 days or a month.

LETTER XIII.

Rotterdam, 1st Sept. 1694.

My dearest Sister,

Although all that I told you of Aix may be found in books, and a great deal more, yet I'm sorry you have lost so many of my letters, for you want two at least. Lett me know if you gott that in which I told you of our voyage from Aix to Antwerp. Your nephew * is in the King of Spain's dominions. I have not yet seen him. I go to-morrow (if wind and weather serve) to Antwerp to have that great pleasure, although I am afraid it will be but short-lived, for I apprehend he may be troubled, although he came in imagineing that the citation had an indemnity in it. But God, who is all-sufficient, can extricate us; and upon his goodness is my entire relyance.

It seems the Confederates last week designed to take possession of the Pont d'Esperies; for that end they feigned to march towards St. Tron, but immediately returned to their camp; next day they made as if they designed for Fleurus. The French (although their forragers were on the other side of the Meuse) gott in order to give them battle; but it seems that was not their design, for they marched straight to Flanders, hopeing by gaining this pass to become masters of all the country about, as well as of Courtray, Dixmude, Furnes, &c. to secure a winter quarter for their troops; but, although the French at first mistook their design, marched into the country *entre Sambre et Meuse*, and consequently crossed the Sambre in their view almost, and lost a day's march,

* Lord Drummond: see p. 47.—*Ed.*

yet they recovered all, makeing the longest march ever was heard of, viz. 32 leagues, without stopeing, marching night and day untill they secured the pass and the country it covers, so that the only design they seem to have had is broke by this dilligence of the French; Monseigneur gave 500 Lewis d'ors to the batalions which came up first.

I have three of yours lately; two speak of poor Annie's illness. I give her my blessing, and rejoice greatly at her recovery. God will reward your care of her. I rejoice that my dear nephew James is like to recover. Give my dutifull respects to my dear Lord Erroll, my service to dear Lord Hay, and all the bairns. You rejoyce me much by telling me how you all do. Our brother has left many and great enemies behind him; he has not been too kind to me, but I'll never faill him. Continue to be kind to yours, &c. My wife is yours and Lord Erroll's faithfull servant.

Antwerp, Sept. 17th, 1694.

I was interrupted at Ghent, and since that time I have been in a continuall hurry; but I'll begine where I left. Next day we went by the tract-scout * (a boat drawn by two horses which carries 60 or 70 persons conveniently) to Brugges. The canall is made by art, that is, it is a cutt way through the country filled with water from some litle brooks; it is eight leagues, as I guess. Att Brugges (which is as melancholy a town as Ghent is chearfull,) we went and saw the Augustine English Nuns, and particularly my Lady Anna Howard, half-sister to the Duchess of Gordon,† for whom we had a letter from her sister, my Lady Catherine, who is a most virtuous Benedictine Nun at Ghent. But before I talk of Brugges I will tell you our adventures at Ghent (which I had

* Trek-schuyt.—Ed.

† Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Henry sixth Duke of Norfolk, married in Oct. 1676 to George first Duke of Gordon, the brother of the Countess of Perth. Her Grace retiring to a convent in Flanders, the Duke issued a process of adherence, 1697. She died in 1732, and was buried in Elgin cathedral. (Wood's Douglas.)—Ed.

thought I had done before). Ghent is a vast city, where the Lis, the Scheld, and other rivers meet; it is well built, chearfull, and full of good company. Charles the Fifth was born here, and his statue of brass guilt, standing on foot upon a high pillar, adorns the great markate-place. The cathedrall is a noble church, and many monastries and other churches make the town look most great and magnificent at a distance. There is an abbay of English Benedictine Nuns in this town. My Lady Abbess is one of the wonderfullest old women I ever saw; she is 85 years of age, and neither by her face, her walking, her discourse, nor her writeing, could any one judge her to be above 55. She was most obliging, and my Lady Catherine Howard (a lady of excellent parts and admirable virtue) was so exceedingly obligeing too that it is not to be exprest. The English Jesuits have a college here too; the principall is Lieutenant-Collonel Midletown, who layed down his employment under the King because the King was Catholique, and by his own search it pleased God to give him the knowledge of the truth, and so he became Catholique and religious, and is a worthy good man.

At Bruges we went and waited on my Lady Anna Howard, who is a most excellent lady; at their house we heard Compline sung in musick very finely (for they have excellent musicians amongst them); and the nuns treated us at their grate with a fine collation of milks, fruits, and sweetmeats; within sat the presiding Mother, Lady Catherine Howard, and Lady Lucy Herbert,* daughter to the Duke of Powis, and talked with us while we eat; Lady Lucy is a most excellent religieuse. Likewise we went and saw the Clarisses, English Nuns † of the third order of St. Francis.

* Lady Lucy Herbert was a cousin-german of the ladies Catharine and Anna Howard by their mothers, who were both daughters of Edward Somerset, Marquess of Worcester. William Earl of Powis, created a Duke by James II. after his abdication, married the Lady Elizabeth Somerset, and the Duke of Norfolk married the Lady Anne Somerset.—Ed.

† See the Abbé Mann's account of the English monasteries on the Continent, in the Archæologia, vol. xiii.—Ed.

They are called rich Clarisses, because the poor Clarisses are of a far more rigid order, and indeed one of the most austere of the Church of God; these are far more mitigated, and they gave us an entertainment of musick too, that is, they sung a hymn and a motette, (although it was not an hour of prayer,) with the organ, violes, and violines, and voices. One Mrs. Smith, daughter to a Scotsman, sung the best of any woman I have heard in these countries. In their chappell is the heart of the late Duke of Norfolk,* in an urn of porphory, with a noble inscription upon it. Everywhere the English does us all the honour they can. We stayed only a day and a half at Bruges, and went by tract-scout, upon a canall to Sluys (the first town that way that belongs to Holland), to take our leave of the Catholick part of Flanders. We went and heard mass at a litle fort which belongs to the Spaniards, about a litle English mile from Sluys, where the tract-scout stoped (for it goes no further, and passengers must foot it to Sluys). My wife walked it bravely, and, seeing we could gett no dinner at Sluys, we resolved to fast till we came to Flushing, in Walkeren (Blair's famous island); so we crossed a litle ferry, near half as broad as the Queen's Ferry, in an open boat; it blew furiously, but we gott safe over, and took the only voytair [voiture] the island afforded, which is an open cart. The land is called Cadsandt, where Cassander,† who would have reconciled Catholicks and Protestants, was born. Our cart carryed us the nine miles (which is the length of the island) in two hours' time; but it rained, with thunder and lightening, one-half of the way. We had a ferry of open sea (for the ocean branches in towards Flanders, betwixt

* The Duke of Norfolk died in Arundel-street, Westminster, Jan. 16, 1683-4, and was buried at Arundel, in Sussex.—Ed.

† George Cassander was with Erasmus and Melancthon one of the most amiable and reasonable men of his day. He was assailed by both parties for wishing to unite them in Christian charity and mutual forbearance. His book *De officio viri pii in hoc dissidio religionis* brought Calvin about his ears, while Hessels attacked him in flank and Cenalis in the rear. He died in 1566.—Ed.

Cadsandt and Walkeren), as large as Bruntisland Ferry,* to gett to Flushing; but yet we gott over pretty well and very hungry to Flushing about six o'clock at night. Our inn we were directed to was a good one, but we could gett nobody could speake French, and none of us have Dutch as yet; at last the goodman's son came home, but such a lump I never saw; he was about Andrew Drummond's height, twice as big as Humbie, and a head like a turneep for litleness. He says he is 20 years of age, has been bred at Bordeaux, and was very sparkish in his black suite, which is a Dutch gallantry for a vear. [*Sic.*] Next day (as it had proved all night) it blew furiously with thunder, rain, and great lightening. I went and saw the whole town in the forenoon, so soon as it grew fair; there is a new dock made there, the finest imaginable, it can hold 120 men of war. In the evening we went through the worst part of the island to a brave city, Midleburgh; near it the country is like a garden. There we stayed two days, and found here a Catholick chappell. On Sundays afternoon we went to Camphire, where one William Gordon, a young man who has married a rich handsome Dutch lass, carried us to his house, and lodged and entertained us most nobly; his wife is the genteelest best bred Dutch woman I ever saw. Next day he carryed us round the island to Domburgh, a fine village, where he treated us at dinner, and then showed us West Cappell, where the dyke is that preserves the country from the sea. It is odd to see how securely they dwell when there is so small a business betwixt them and destruction. The work is great; but what can resist an enraged sea, or a deluded multitude? After this day's pleasant promenade (for in our return we saw a most admirable garden of a Radtsheer,† or one of their States Generall, at a place called Poppingdoun,) we took the scout for Zurickzee, a town in an island not far off; but it took us too much time (the weather being calm) to suffer us to go any farther, so we stayed at this town from 3 afternoon to next

* The ferry from Leith to Kinghorn, in Fifeshire.—Ed. † A Councillor.—Ed.

morning. It proved mighty hott; but yet we walked about all the town, which is large and pleasant. Next morning in open cart we went 3 hours to a place where once stood a town called Bomenee [Bommenede], near Brewerhaven, where we overtook the Burgomaster of Zurickzee going to Rotterdame. Our way lay by Helvoet Sluys; we were to go betwixt Goree and Somerdyke, but a dead calm overtook us about a musket shot from the shore, and we lay 3 hours for the tide; at last the tyde came, but a contrary gale sprung up, and we turned up to gett through the flatts betwixt the islands. But all would not do; we came a'ground on the Halls, and, the heat encreasing, and the clouds gathering, we would gladly have been a'shore to lye in a booar's house. Our skipper told us there was but an open cart to carry us to Sommerdyke, and we would be better a'board; but the Burgomaster, with a cousine of his and another man, who spoke English, with their wives, waded through the sleek and salt water near half a mile, took a cart and were wett to the skin; for such thunder and lightening I never saw. We sent our honest young man, captain of a ship, one Gordon, a'shore to gett us some meat (for we were made believe we would be only 3 hours on the water, and now it was about 7 a'clock at night, and both my wife and I fasting). He gott a piece of an old ham, two dozen of hard eggs, and some brown bread and beer; and in my life did I never eat meat that relished better than that ham did to me. My wife eat heartily too; and in the storm of thunder and fire we spent the evening, and lay still untill 12 a'clock, that we sett saill and arrived at Helvoetsluys about 3 in the morning. We gott into an English house (one Howie's, he says he is cousine german to the Earl of Buchan, a very honest man). Next day we came to the Briel by wagon, for it lyes in the same island; Helvoet is a place where lyes many of the States men of warr, and here the English packet boat goes off and comes on. It is but one row of houses on each side of the harbour, but they are very prettily built; the Briel is a pretty large but unwholesome

place, bravely fortified. We stayed there untill next day about 12 a'clock; my wife walked round the walls, which I am perswaded is 3 English miles. Next day in a hudge storm of wind we went up to Rotterdam, 3 hours up the river, and found letters by which we learned that your nephew designed to be at Ghent the 23d of August, if I pleased; this uncertainty made us bid him come on, if he got a pass, and we went to the Hague. Lord Bellendine* and his spouse, my Lady Dundee and Kilsyeth, took an ague. We gott an account of your nephew's comeing on, and took a yaucht, and arrived here last week, where we found the gentleman † in good health. You may judge of our meeting after so long an absence; he is a tall, well-shaped, and a very worthy youth, and has been the happiest youth in a governor of any breathing; my wife is fond of him as if he were her's; and now he waits only for a pass to go home.

If you have gott all my letters you have almost a diary of my life, especially when I stirr abroad; and it is a task nothing but the love and esteem I have for you, dearest sister, could make me put to my-self; but I take so much pleasure to do any thing that may be in the least acceptable to her, that it is easie to me to go about any such task. I wish all your friends were proportionally kind; but you are not the only person has ground to complain, as your nephew will tell you; some people's ambition and avarice has no bounds; God help poor mankind when they propose any end to themselves but the glory of God and their own perfection! Would to God you knew the true sentiments of Christianity, you

* John Ker, fourth son of William second Earl of Roxburghe, succeeded his cousin as Lord Bellenden in 1671, and died in 1707. His spouse was Mary Countess dowager of Dalhousie, second daughter of Henry Moore, first Earl of Drogheda. The Earl of Perth seems to have confused this lady with Jean widow of the celebrated John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, killed at the battle of Killicranky in 1689; and who, having married secondly William Livingston, third Viscount of Kilsyth, also acquired that title. She was the third daughter of William Lord Cochrane, eldest son of William first Earl of Dundonald.—Ed.

† James Lord Drummond, the writer's son, by his first wife.—Ed.

would excell all I know of your sex and quality; but this must be obtained of God and not of you. I am your Lord's faithfull servant, as I am to Lord Hay, Lady Mary, and all your family. God give Mr. James health. Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

Nemigen, 28th Nov. 1694.

My dearest dear Sister,

It is now near a moneth since I left Antwerp in order to my Roman journey. I wrote to you from Rotterdam, where I was to settle my correspondence. I left that place on Munday the 29th new stile, and was that night at Utricht, where I stayed only one day. We left our servants and bagage to come by water hither to meet us; for, as you will see in the map, the Rhine divides itself at Skinkin Scans, [Schenck,] and one part of it, which still retains the name, goes to Huichine, [Heussen,] and so to Utricht, &c.; the other, which passes by here, is called the Waal, and goes to join the Meuse, near Dordrucht; but by ill luck for us the wind got into the east that very day our goods should have come up hither, so that we have been lyen here these six days, and may do six more, if by good fortune our folks get not some wagon to hyre. You may imagine the trouble it is to us to lye in this hole, where, except three Bruxelles gentlemen, no body is to be conversed with. We are ill lodged even in the best tavern in town, and weary enough. If the Plenepotentiaries at the treaty had been no better accommodated they had sooner come to an agreement, except that their honour had made them preferr their countries interest to their private ease. In this our solitude your dear letter of the 30th

October found me, and was a very welcome entertainment to me. No body gives me so full and particular account of our country as you do; continue it, I beseech you, and lett any of your friends find a way to direct a letter from you once a moneth at least, by Father Lessly, Rector of the Scots College at Rome. I hope my son, who is now at London, will return to Scotland with Earl Marischall, for my daughter* writes she hopes to be ready for a journey against Christmass, and then he must have help from all his friends in order to keep himself from the evil designs of his enemies. You do me a great favour to lett me know all the news of our own country, particularly of friends and relations, and especially of your own family; and you do us a most singular favour by enquireing after our children at Banff, for no body does so much as mention them except yourself. I am sorry for the poor old Bishop,† and far more for his soul than for his life. I am sure that it wants but consideration and good will to make all the world Catholicks. There is no one liveing gives me so many sad thoughts about that business as you do. Would to God you would read King Charles' papers, the Bishop of Meaux's Expositions of the Conference with Monsieur Claude, and Monsieur Papin's ‡ *Tollerence des Protestants.* The hereticall papers daily emitted in England, full of wit and eloquence, but void of the true spirit of Christianity, do so amuse such as are disposed to cheat themselves, and who would fain be supported in their mistakes, that it is no wonder one bred up with prejudices should be long of determining. But a good honest heart, full of God's grace and desirous to please him and be saved, would soon penetrate into the diabolicall secrets of their devices and cheating sophisms, and escape from the snare into the arms of a mother who is still ready to embrace her returning children. I doubt not but your reading with that impartiality you may learn to put on the formost papers would do

* The Countess Marischall.—Ed.

† Probably James Drummond, Bishop of Brechin, who died in 1695.—Ed.

‡ See Note, page 20.

you infinite good. I cannot tell if Dr. Livingston gave you Monsieur Papin's book; it is called the *Tollerence des Protestants;* if he did not, my son has it and will lend it you.

One who were curious in matters of antiquity would find exercise in this town, for the Romans had a camp very near it, where infinite numbers of meddals, Roman locks and keys, urns, inscriptions, lachrimatories, idols, buttons, buckles, &c. are daily found. One Smetius, a minister of this town, has a very large colection, made by his father and by himself; it is a pity he should be such a blockhead as neither to know the value of what he possesses, nor to be able to give any satisfaction to strangers who see his rarities. He has a great collection of modern meddals too, and some very dishonourable for Britain. I saw all, and heard my master very scurvily used, for the man thought me of his own stamp; but his tongue will do no great hurt, for he is a very stupid fellow.

You say you know not where our brother * is; he is now at Orleance [Orleans]. The court could bear him no longer; the King was most unwilling to part with him, which my Lady Melfort † observing, she puft up her lord to ask every thing could be asked, that it might apear (as they pretended) that the King would let no body suffer for him unrewarded. The history of all you will gett from your nephew: if it had not been by help of friends, one of your servants had been sore run down by the bargain; and as yet I cannot well tell how far matters have gone before wee begune to suspect foull play. You may easily imagine how much this precedure has been a disapointment to me; but God's will be done!

As to my journey, my greatest difficulty is my wife's unwillingness to it. She was very good friends with all the ladys of the first quality in Brabant. The Princesse of Vaudmont has represented Italy as so melancholy a country that the difference appears very dismall; but I hope God will provide for all. I would fain pass Christmass with Abbot Cook, who lived with me at Stobhall, but I fear I shall not reach his monastrie.‡

* The Earl of Melfort. † See note in p. 33. ‡ At Wurtzburg: see p. 91.

This town stands upon the bank of the Waal, but well fortified; the east end of it is much higher than the west. From it there is a litle tower called the Belvidere, one sees the rich country of the Bettuwe like a garden to the north. The Bettuwe is the country which lyes betwixt the branches of the Rhine: viz.—That called the Rhine, and that other called the Waal. The Waal here is near thrice as big as Tay, at Perth, very rapid. The town is suposed to be the Urbs Batavorum of Cæsar. It is not pleasant; only it has a pretty market-place, and at the Belvidere a grove of trees, which, in summer, must needs be very delightfull; near it stands the castle, said to be built by Cæsar, a vile antient hole. The one-half of the town at least is Catholick, but the Huguenots have the churches. To-morrow is St. Andrew's Eve here, which we kept nine days since at Rotterdam.

My wife is not very well; yet she will not stay behind in the journey. She says you have reason to make one letter serve us both, and she begs that this from me may pass with you for an answer from both. I would write often to the Earl of Erroll, but I still tell you what I say to one I say to both, that is, that on earth you have not a more faithfull and affectionate servant to you both than I am. If you will keep my letters untill we meet, I will send you full relations of what I see wherever I pass, and if I do not send them by the post you shall have them some other way. My wife gives her faithfull service to your ladyship and my lord, as I do to my Lord Hay, Lady Mary, and all the dear babies. I pray God to recover dear Mr. James.

My daughter Marischall writes that her son, Lord Keith, looks like a spright for smallness and litleness; God bless the dear babies and give them health, and for their height it is no great matter. I am sorry Anne should be so often ill; give her my blessing. Adieu! my dearest Sister.

LETTER XV.

TO THE COUNTESS MARISCHALL.

Venice, 18*th Feb.* 1695.

My dearest Child,

I received a letter from your brother last post without any date put to it, and seeing he said nothing either of my Lord Marischall or you, I conclude that both of you were well when he wrote it; but I am troubled I should not hear more frequently from your self, for you know how tenderly I love you and how much I am concerned in all that relates to you. I long to hear of your return to Scotland; for every body that loves my lord wishes him at home. I have been here a fortnight, and I think I shall be here fifteen or twenty days longer, although I do not very much like the place, for this puddling in a tubb continually is no charme to me; yet being here I resolve to see what is curious before I go away. My wife is very much out of order; the pain in her stomach has recurred, though not so violently as before the voyage we made to Aix la Chapelle, yet severe enough to make her very uneasy; but if Lent were over and we got once to the *terra firma* I hope she will be better; I fancy as soon as she can write she will give you a description of a Venetian ball. The grand dance is to walk about (with or without musick is all one) for three or four hours, every gallant with a lady, and this procession ends with an English country dance; then they dance, four together, a dance which I cannot remember how it is called, I think it is a Rigadoun, but it is to a Minuete; and then comes the French dances, as awkwardly as can be; and last of all, about six in the morning, they dance torlanos to such tunes as would go very well on a bagpipe, and they dance just as our Highlanders do, only the woman have a way of showing and shaking their feet which is

pretty enough, and, to say true, this is the most naturall part and the best performed of the solemnity; but my wife will give you a fuller account of this matter. Some churches, severall cloisters, many pictures and statues, are admirably fine here, and in short it looks as much odder than any town in Holland than Holland does from other countries. I have no time to write this night to my sister; but if you would send her this letter to let her see that I do remember her with all imaginable esteem and affection you will do me a kindness, and let this give Earl Erroll my most humble service; likewise tell me how your brother passes his time at London, and give my most affectionate service to Earl Marischall. God bless both him, and you, and your children. Adieu! my dearest.

My wife gives your lord and you her service; no body can love their friends better than she does you, your brother, and Earl Marischall.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE COUNTESS OF ERROLL.

Venice, 25th Feb. 1695.

My dearest Sister,

You may be almost tempted to believe I have forgott you, seeing my silence may appear too long since I begun my journy; but when you consider what a country Germany is, how many long days' journeys we have made, and found no accommodation fitt for the meanest sort of people at night, and what inconveniency attends the hurry of such a life as ours has been, you will not blame me. I had made notes as we came through in the severall countries in our way, to write you long letters; but Blaire haveing recalled his son (who only waits for mony to carry him

back), he will give you either by word, if he goes to Scotland, or by writing, if he stays at Utricht, an account of our voyage. The Rhine runns through very great hills from near Bonne to Bingen, which was three long days' sailling to us, and you never saw castles hanging in the air upon points or rocks, and odd situations of houses, strange shapes of hills, and villages lying in cricks where there is but just as much bounds as to build them on, forts where one would scarce believe one could carry materialls to the hill top, and woods and vineyards where there is no appearance of earth to nourish them, painted, or in *taille douce*, that is not here outdone on the banks of this great river. We left the Rhine at Mayence. We past through Frankfort, Wurtzbourg, Ratisbon, Munich, Inspruck, and Trent in our way hither, and saw enough of curious things to have one thing beat out another out of our heads; for who can remember what is seen in so short a time?* We arrived here about three weeks ago. The Carnavall took up ten days of it, where we saw what in Scotland would be thought downright madness; everybody is in mask, a thing of tafeta, called a bahul,† is put on the head, which covers one's face to the nose. The upper part is covered by people of quality with a white mask like what the ladys used to tye on with a chincloak long ago. The bahul hangs down about the shoulders a handbreadth below the top of the shoulder. A Venetian nobleman's gown, an Armenian long garment furred, a vest called a Hongrois, which reaches to the knee, furred, or a plain scarlet, is what grave people wear; others are cloathed as they please, some like doctors of law, others with peacocks' trains and hatts as broad as six hatts, others as harlequins, ladys as country girls, and some as oddly as one's wildest dreams could represent them; *en fin*, no extravagant conceipt can outdo what one sees on St. Mark's

* Not a bad hint for many tourists, who have published a thousand volumes since this wholesome truth was penned.—Ed.

† The Spanish bahul is a covering of skin over a vessel, and we presume applied to this head covering. It also occurs in the Bas Breton.—Ed.

Place. Sometimes a company of noblemen and ladys dress themselves up like country people and dance torlanos in the open place, which is the frolick I saw that I like the best, for they dance scurvily when they pretend to French or English dances (for here they dance country dances at all their balls). A torlano is somewhat like the way our Highlanders dance, but the women do it much more prettily than the men. Sometimes you shall see a young pair of eyes with a huge nose and a vast beard playing on a guitar and acting like a mountebank. On one hand you shall hear a dispute in physick, turning all into ridiculous; on the other one, on a subject of law; some dialogues of mere witt, and things said that are surprizing enough. But on the whole matter St. Mark's Place is like a throng of foolls. On Shrove Thursday a bull is beheaded by a butcher chosen by his fellows for that feat, and if he does it well in presence of the Doge and all the Senate is treated *in senerissimo*, feasted, and has the best musick at supper that can be. He I saw do it did it cleverly at one blow, and did not seem to strain neither. The Doge's guards conducted him to and from the place, and a firework is sett on fire in fair daylight. A fellow is drawn up on a flying rope, such as mountebanks use, in a ship about the bigness of a gondola (which is a very long small boat), and all the way he fires gunns and throws grenads amongst the people, but they are only paper ones. Then he flyes down from the top of St. Mark's steple, where he had left his gondola. This steeple is disjointed from the church 70 or 80 paces. And thus they divert the people here to amuse them and keep them from frameing conceits of government and religion, such as our giddy people frame to themselves and make themselves the scorn and reproach of mankind; for now all goes under the name of English, and we are said to be so changeable and foolish that nothing from our parts seem strange. Beheading, dethroneing, and banishing of kings being but children's play with us.

Here are rich churches, a city of pallaces, and instead of streets

alleys of water; gondolas are our coaches, and, although they be all covered with only black cloath, yet no coach in Europe has finer glasses than they have, so that you go in a box of christall through the town. The canalls are generally very narrow, only the Canall Grande is like a river; it has only one bridge, that of Rialto, which is of white marble, and the widest arch in Europe; Don * is a bauble compared with it. St. Mark's is a building after the Greek mode; it has six cupolas. The church is low and dark; but the pictures in the roof, the floor, the front without, &c. are all mosaick, and so lovely that I never weary to look at them; the ground is gold, the figures all in their naturall collors, made of pieces of stone indented, and so disposed that no pencill can outdo them. The place, as you may see it in many pictures and books, is thus The church is where the three strokes are; the water, (which is very wide,) is where the two points are, the two pillars, St. Theodore on one and St. Mark's lion on the other; the Librarie is next you, and St. Mark's pallace, the Doge's residence, over against it; the one point in the corner is St. Mark's steeple. The other place is the finest in Europe; it is where the Procurators of St. Mark live; it is like the largest court of the finest pallace in Europe, and very large it is; a gallery upon pillars goes quite round, where eight or ten may walk abreast, and all is uniform. Here are pictures innumerable and inestimable, some admirable churches, and many noble edifices. I have not yet seen the Arsenall, when I see it I will tell you my thoughts of it. Pray gett Lassells,† for none else is worth your while, and I shall direct you to him in all

* The author doubtless refers to a bridge on the Don in Aberdeenshire, which has a celebrated and picturesque ancient arch.—Ed.

† A Voyage through Italy; with the Characters of the People, and a Description of the Chief Towns. By Richard Lassels. Paris, 1670, and London, in two parts, 8vo. 1670, 1686, 1689.—Ed.

I see, and if I observe what he did not I will tell you. If you see Misson *, do not beleive one word he says, for he is the most infamous lyar in nature.

When the Pope † heard of the Princesse of Orange's ‡ death he said—"Honora Patrem tuum et Matrem tuam ut sis longevus super terram. Sometimes," said he, "God perfects a happy soul and makes it fitt to enjoy his blessed vision in a very short time, but then he shortens the pilgrimage to receive home his longing child into his own embraces; but these are miracles. A long life is a benediction to a Catholick, that he may live to God when he has outlived his more violent passions, of the which ambition is none of the least dangerous; to a heretick it proves a double advantage, for they have the more leisure to think of truth with impartiality, and if they be so unhappy as to mistake in their choice their punishment is so long prolonged.§ But that unlucky princess, said he, is pluckt away in the midst of her ambitious thoughts, in the height of her prosperous enjoyment of her good religious father's kingdoms, and in an absolute impenitence for her crimes." Such a discourse does not resemble Anti-Christ, and I have it from good hands.

This morning, at 6 a'clock, here happened an earthquake which lasted about three minutes. Our house stood it out, so that, except our bed shook like to throw us out of it, and that the doors and windows made a noise that lookt as if heaven and earth had been going together, we had no hurt. Many chimneys were thrown down, and I hear of three people killed by their falling in upon people's beds; but we fear that where the land is

* A New Voyage in Italy, by Francois Maximilien Misson, a work of which there were several English editions.—Ed.

† Innocent XII.: see note in p. 79.

‡ Queen Mary, whose royal title is not acknowledged by the Chancellor of James II. She died 28 Dec. 1694, aged 33.

§ *Id est*, delayed; and one might think no very great consolation, with eternity before them.—Ed.

more solid more hurt may be done. I beseech you gett Lassells, for it will save me a labour, seeing I can direct you to him many times, and so spare half a letter. Give my most humble service to your dear Lord, and to all your noble family, and believe that to his Lordship, to you, and to all yours, none can be more faithfull servants than my wife and I.

Adieu, my dearest Sister.

LETTER XVII.

Venice, 4th Mars, 1695.

My dearest Sister,

I have stayed here a week longer than I expected, for the weather has been so very bad there is no traveling; indeed I have never seen it so cold in Scotland in the beginning of March as it is just now here. To-morrow and Munday I 'll employ in seeing the litle and great Arsenalls and Murano,* and then I have done with Venice. But, although I am makeing all possible hast to see if possibly I can be at Rome against Holy Thursday, yet I fear (seeing I go by Modena) I can hardly gett it done. I have had a great cold ever since I came here, but it is renewed since the earthquake, for before that I was beginning to be better; but since that the weather became colder, and I had occasion to be abroad somewhat late one night, and now I am troubled with a great cough. This day the Doge, the Senate, and all the nobles, have been at a very solemn procession in the place of St. Mark, to give God thanks for this city's haveing received so litle damage from so dreadfull an earthquake as that of the 26th of February

* A village near Venice on the island called San Christoforo di Murano, and the great cemetery of the city.—ED.

proved to be. The prayers of 40 hours had preceeded. A jesuite preached an excellent sermon at the beginning of the devotion, and a Capucine one to-day just before the procession. I pitied the good old Doge * (who is quite lame) to see him hopping about St. Mark's place, yet he gott through with it very well; indeed we had all of us good occasion to thank God we escaped so well, for the Carmelites' church in Padua and three cathedrals in the Venetian state, besides many houses, are fallen, and more than a thousand people killed. Treviso and its country, all up the river Brenta, have suffered the most; we have not heard what has happened at a greater distance, but we fear it may have done harm every where. Our last letters from Rome tell us that the Duke of Hanover † has reconciled himself to the Catholick Church. This is all our Italian news; I wish I had the same news from Scotland of a friend of mine.

So soon as I arrive at Rome you shall hear of me; meanwhile give my wife's and my humble service to Earl Erroll, Lord Hay, Lady Mary, my dear godson, &c., and accept of my wife's, which by me she offers you. Her writing to her poor sister Dunfermline; ‡ takes her up this night; next occasion she will write. We hear

* Silvestro Valiere, elected in 1694 ; died 5 July, 1700. His wife, Elizabeth Quirini, was also crowned as Duchess in 1694, her last predecessor in that dignity having been Maria Grimani, in 1595. She died in 1709, aged 80.—Ed.

† Maximilian-William, third son of Ernest Augustus Duke of Hanover, and brother to King George the First, deserted the Protestant faith for the church of Rome, became a Field Marshal in the Imperial service, and died at Vienna in 1726.—Ed.

‡ James Seton, fourth Earl of Dunfermline, married Lady Jean Gordon, third daughter of Lewis third Marquess of Huntly, and sister to George first Duke of Gordon and to the Countess of Perth. This passage affords the information which is deficient elsewhere, by determining which of the Earl of Perth's three wives was the lady mentioned in these letters: for the dates of his second and third marriages are not recorded. His *third* wife was Lady Mary, second daughter of Lewis third Marquess of Huntly, and widow of Adam Urquhart of Meldrum, who died in 1684. She died at St. Germain's, in March 1726, aged 80.—Ed.

seldom of our friends now, but we must accustome our selves to be strangers to our own country.* God preserve you and yours. Adieu!

Murano is where the fine glass is made.

LETTER XVIII.

Venice, 28th March, 1695.

My dearest Sister,

I believe that all my friends every where will think me lost, for it is above a fortnight that I expected to be at Rome; but the ways of Lumbardy are so very deep still that there is no travelling, for this last winter the water of the Brenta overflowed its banks; and the rains that have fallen ever since the earthquake, of the which I gave you an account in my last, has made the roads very dirty. About a fortnight ago I went to Padua in order to proceed in my journey, but I could not; so I resolved to stay untill the 6th of April, (which is the Tuesday after Easter,) and, haveing kept Lent, and fish being uneasie to be had, (except drest with oyl, which I cannot eat warm,) I thought it best to leave off thoughts of traveling untill Lent was over.

The Earl of Kildare † (whose first lady was neice to the late Duke of Lenox) stays at Padua, and would needs have us his guests during the 8 days we stayed there, and indeed he entertained us nobly. The Cardinall Barbarigo,‡ who is bishop there, and one of the most holy bishops now liveing, (as one may judge when Dr.

* A touching expression from a "banished Lord."—Ed.

† John FitzGerald 18th Earl of Kildare married first Mary O'Brien, eldest daughter of Henry Ibrachan (son of Henry Earl of Thomond) by Lady Catharine Stuart, daughter of George Lord d'Aubigny, and afterwards the wife of Sir Joseph Williamson.—Ed.

‡ Cardinal Barbarigo, of a noble Venetian family, born in 1626; died in 1697.—Ed.

Burnet, with all his spite, cannot find a ground to abuse him), sent his coaches to attend us dureing our stay there, and was as obligeing as possible in all things to us. Padua lyes 25 miles distant from Venice; two or three miles we go through the Laguna before we gett to land, and then we are drawn by horses, as in Holland, through canalls, &c. which are drawn from the river Brenta; some part of the way we go on the river itself, but the waters carry us into the fosse of the city. It is a huge, great, ill-peopled town. The university is quite decayed, so there is litle to be seen, except the finest church in Italy, next to St. Peter's, which is that of St. Justina, belonging to a monastry of Benedictines, worth about 30,000*l.* sterling, a stately piece and nobly adorned; but the church is incomparable, the fine things done in stone (not after the mosaick, which is all in litle bits, but by an art which represents things as some tables from London are done, but vastly finer,) that surprises one; as on a tombe, now made an altar, which I took for St. Pachomius,* but it is not: you see a miter, a crosier, a cross, the instruments of the saint's martyrdom, &c. so done that one would swear it were newly painted, and is all stone, that is, jasper, porphirie, lapis lazuli, alabaster, Turkey stones, &c. and now all the alters of that vast church are done. That of the Blessed Sacrament (which is on the right hand as you enter) has the history of the Last Supper so done. But Lassells will tell you enough of this church, although it was far from what it now is when he saw it, for I believe 50,000*l.* sterling has been bestowed on it since. The cathedrall is very mean, suitable to the humble mind of the holy bishop Cardinall Barbarigo. But the Santo (which is St. Antonio's church, called il Santo *par excellence)* is a rich thing; the church is very regular without in its cupolas and towers, but dark within. The chappell of the saint, where his body reposes, is admirably adorned with sculp-

* A saint of great austerity, who retired into the great desert of Syria, and endured the most incredible mortifications.—Ed.

tures of white marble. The history of the saint's life is here seen in admirable figures. A man of quality, who stabbed his wife, is in all the fury of a madman; she has gott one stroke and falls, he has her by the breast with his hand lifted to give a second, which is held back by an old man, who has such a concern in his look one would think he lives. The lady is quite fainted away; a servant supports her who looks almost as dead as she; and amongst other figures in this piece an old woman looking sorrowfully in at the door is most naturally [done]. But in another piece where the saint is raiseing a young man from the dead, there is an old woman like as she had no teeth, her chin and nose are so near to one another, who is so very well done, that in my esteem it is the finest thing I ever saw, except the antiques in the librarie in this city. The saint's tomb sends forth so sweet an odure and so particular (for it resembles nothing I ever smelt to before) that I was surprised at it; his tongue and nether jaws are yet entire; I saw them with great pleasure. St. Bonaventure, when generall of the order he was of (which is that of the Franciscans), opened his grave and found the tongue entire, and placed it where it now is. In the treasure of this church (which is very rich) they have a glass with a ring of gold about its brims, with the history of it wrote upon it, which was this:—A heretick, when St. Antonio died, hearing many who were at dinner with him magnifying the saint's miracles and thanking God for him, haveing the glass in his hand, said that it was impossible that the saint could have done all these miracles as it was for that glass to be thrown from the window upon the street, break the stones, and continue whole; and with that goes to the window and threw out the glass, which broke the stones, and is as yet entire; the attestations are most authentick of this miracle. In the cloyster, which is joined to this church, I found the Duke of Northfolk's bowels,* with a litle marble stone upon them.

* The person meant is no doubt Philip Earl of Arundel, who died at Padua, Oct. 4, 1646. His body was brought to England, and buried at Arundel. He was created Earl of Norfolk in 1644; but not restored to the dukedom.—Ed.

Except Antonio's tomb I found litle else to be seen, only the Great Hall with a stone in it, which was Titus Livius's grave-stone for him and his family. There is a litle hill at the end of the Euganean mountains, called Monte Selice (although I saw no flint on it, as the name would make one expect). We went by water to it; it is about 14 miles off through a pleasant plain. The canall is bordered with noble pallaces here and there, as all the way betwixt Venice and Padua is. Upon this hill are seven chappells prettily adorned; there are severall pallaces as you go up winding, and a fine litle town at the bottome of the hill; the cypress trees, almost as tall as our firrs, adorn the hill admirably, and all the rest is covered with vineyards, which yield the best grapes in this part of Italy. My wife went up as far as the chappells carryed her, but the steep place of the mountain she did not venture on. We went up a scale stair bordered on both hands with cypress trees full of their apples (which resemble firr, only they are much more round, and in every fold have 3 or 4 seeds without wings); when the stair ends we go through vines untill we reach the top, which is the ruins of an old castle; from thence to all hands, except the end of the Euganean hills, you see as far as your eye can reach,—Venice 40 miles to the east, Vicenza to the west, Esté to the foot of the Euganean Mountains, the Alps beyond that, as white as at Christmass; to the south as far as you can stretch your sight, and this one of the most delightfull richest countrys in the world; in our return we saw the pallace of the Obizzi, who say their predecessor was made knight of the garter by Edward the 3d of England for takeing the King of the Scots, David Bruce, prisoner, at the battle of Durham.* This story, with many others, is admirably well done on the plaster walls of the chambers (which indeed, in my opinion, are the richest walls in the world, for they are all

* This story must be mistaken, if not entirely fictitious, as there was no knight of the garter of the Obizzi family, and the person who really took David King of Scots prisoner is recorded to have been John Copland, of Northumberland. (See Lingard's History of England.)—Ed.

painted by Paulo Veronese, whose work charms me). At our return we had a compliment from the good Cardinall, who was ill at this time, though he admitted me to see him; but now being able to rise he allowed my wife, contrary to his custome, for he admits no women to his house, to visite him; he understands French, and I was interpreter to my wife in letting her know what the Cardinall said, for so far do I understand Italian, although I cannot speak it. He was very obligeing to her, and made a marquise who is his maître d'hôtelle have a collation ready for her when she went. She went to see the refectory where he dines, for all his family dines with him as in a convent, and scripture is read when they eat. We are all upon all occasions so much obliged to Mr. l'Abbé Leith, (who is Maestro de Camera to his Eminence and Bibliothecary of St. Mark's, a man of great parts and esteem here, and one who is over all the cardinalls, gentlemen, and officers, as their master, and who here has the affection and esteem of all the nobles,) that I do not know what to say to express my sense of it; he went with us to Padua, returned with us, and is punctually twice a day with us. Next day after we had taken leave of the Cardinal, we went to the Carmelites' church, which the late earthquake had thrown down; it is a sad spectacle, but it did no great hurt, only killed two old people and hurt a third; it happened about a quarter before six a'clock (as we count) as near as I can guess; they were saying first mass at the high altar. So soon as the huge goads of iron which cross the church began to crack, the people fled to the altar and were saved; for it pleased God that all within the raills stood. The lay brother who served mass prayed the priest (who was much astonished) to proceede and offer up the most holy sacrifice in thanksgiveing for their deliverance, which he did. Thus you have an account of this litle promenade. Here we are in the Holy week, and I must needs say I am charmed beyond expression with the voice of a woman who sings at the Hospitalletto. She is called the Vicentina, from the

country. She is (as they say) very ugly, but I did not believe any human voice could have been so sweet, and could have been made to perform such things, for she will hang upon a note longer than one could believe one's breath could hold out, and that with so sweet a turning and variety of graces, that one is charmed beyond what can be said, nor is it possible for any who has not heard it to frame an idea of it; and truly I am now fully convinced that painting, sculpture, and musique never crossed the Alps.

I go from hence next week sore against my wife's will, for she loves Venice, which I wonder at, for as I told you in my last we are padling in a tubb constantly, except the Rialto canall, which is called the Canall Grande. That branch of the sea which divides the Giudecca* from the rest of the city, and the large open betwixt St. Mark's Piazzetta, or litle place, and St. George's, where the ships, marsihans,† and poetas ‡ lye, all the other canalls are very narrow, and the water stinks saddly in them. My wife continues pretty well ever since she was at Aix, and except that I find a litle alteration with keeping Lent somewhat strictly I am well likewise. We give our service to dear Lord Erroll, Lord Hay, Lady Mary, &c.

I offer you dailly to God, that he would convert you, that you who see so far in all things else may at last see the unreasonableness of being a Protestant; pray read Mr. Papin. Adieu.

Give my wife's and my blessing to poor Anny.

Abbé Leith swears Burnet is the damn'dest lying rogue in the whole world. I give it you as the Abbot's own words, who speaks broad Scots, excellent French, and Italian like a Roman.

* The Jews' quarter.—Ed.

† Marsigliana, a kind of Venetian ship. *Altieri Dict.*—Ed.

‡ Peotta, a gondola with ten oars.—Ed.

LETTER XIX.

Boloigna, 23d April, 1695.

My dearest Sister,

I fancy you will begine to think that the earthquake has so shaken our bodys that we dare not venture to hasten forward towards Rome; but it is not that that retards us, but a violent cold I gott upon the Po as I came from Ferrara to Modena, which hangs so upon me that I cannot as yet gett rid of it; but enough of this. If you have Lassells by you you may save me the trouble of a long letter; I shall only direct you to him, and that will suffice for it is a book easie to be had. From Venice to Ferrara cost us two days; the first night we laye upon our Bouricello, which is a boat which has two pretty large rooms (for a boat, at least), one far more fine and large than the other. I fancy it was here I catched cold. Next night we lay in a base inn on the south side of the river. The Po is like a litle sea; it was the second day before we entered into it, it was full of rain and melted snow, otherways it had not apeared so very big; but certainly it is a noble river. We came to Ferrara on a Friday, and stayed all Saturday and a good part of Sunday. We saw severall fine churches, the outside of the Legate's pallace, and that called the Diamond one. The noble cloisture of the Carthusians, founded by Duc Sforza,* who lies in the great court in a tomb erected for him; and, when we had seen all worth seeing, on Sunday afternoon we went to our Bouricello to go to Modena, in two days and an half. We were not above one day's sailling (if being drawn by horses can be called sailling) upon the Po; other rivers and canalls carried us to Finale di Modena (the first town of that Dukedome we came at);† here a good honest old priest came and told us he was appointed by the Duc to see that strangers of

* A branch of the Pallavicini family.—Ed.

† Called however the last, *Finale*, from being the last on the eastern side of the dominions of Modena.—Ed.

quality were well used, he offered us his own house, he provided us with some bed cloaths, &c. he carryed us to walk about the town, he took us to the convent of the Minims (for it hapened to be St. Francis of Paul's day), and thence to the Capucens, who used us most courtly, and showed us with all respect imaginable a tabernacle made of wood but excellently carved, and severall very pretty statues on it of excellent workmanship, all of equall bigness, and none above a foot long. Next morning, when we could gett no horses to draw our boat, he gott us oxen which did as well. We came to a litle place called Bonport at night, where our host told us a pleasant story of four of his German guests. He says they fell to drinking one day at his house, and in 8 hours' time they four drunk 104 bottles of strong wine (now it was not the ordinary bottle but a pott, that held at least a Scots pint);* he says that indeed he carryed them off like swine (which was the name he gave them).

Rome, 19 *May*, 1695.

Company interrupted me at Boloigna, so that untill now I could not begine again to continue (then) where I broke off. We arrived at Modena the evening after. The town stands in the plain, that is, in that vast low country called Lombardy; it is near to the Appenine hills, that is, within three miles of them; it is said to be near 5 Italian miles of circuite, but I do not believe it is so much. The Marquis de' Giraldini, first gentleman of the bedchamber to the Duke, was most obligeing to us. My wife fell ill here, and Mad. la Marquise de' Giraldini waited on her as if she had been her woman. The Duke's pallace when finished will be a very noble structure, but it will not be finished very soon; he has a noble collection of admirable pictures, and in a long gallery many more curiosities of nature and art. The Duke was very obligeing to me, but the Germans are quartered in his country, and some other reasons made him somewhat less forward than he would have been. Here are very fine churches; the Cathedrall is little and somewhat dark; it is very antient. In the

* An English quart.—Ed.

church of the Servi* (of the Augustine order) there are altars of all the saints of the house of Este, and they are not a few. The Duke made the Marquis de' Giraldini invite us every night to his house, and there was all the Duke's best musick *(I Faci)*, so famous in England, and much so here, although he be very unwilling to sing, and so very proud that he has refused Princes sometimes, yet sung as much as we would; and one Lovigi (who, although scarce 16 years old, has a most sweet voice) sung too. Eunuchs swarm all over Italy, but here they are (in proportion) very numerous in comparison of other places; and, to say true, were it not a sin to make them, their voices are very charming. From that we came through a most delightful country, to Boloigna, 20 Italian miles. Monsieur le Quaranta Doria (who with his lady, now Countess of Almond, who stays with the Queen at St. Germain's, and was at Edinburgh when the Queen was there,) was most obligeing to us, and dureing our 7 or 8 days' stay there furnisht us with coaches, and had us every night to a meeting of ladys and cavalliers, where we had admirable musique,—La Migniata, a woman; Pestochino, an Eunuch; a goldsmith, who is, for method, the greatest master in Italy; and severall others, who sung and played on musicall instruments to admiration. While we were here the Landgrave of Hesse's eldest son came to Boloigna, and lodged in the house where we lay; he became so very good friends with me that I had all the pleasure imaginable to waite on his highness. He is a most hopefull Prince, and, had he a better religion, he wants no accomplishment; he is 19 years of age, but very forwards, and very humble and affable. In this town the monastries all are most sumptuous pallaces; those of the Servi, the Augustines, and above all the Dominicans are admirably fine, so are the Franciscans, and the Chanoin regulars. In that last is a masterpiece of Michael Angelo's, a St. Cecilia. Everything in this place is admirable. In the Dominicans' church lyes the body of their Patriarch Dominick in an admirable tomb, now an altar, all full of

* So called from their styling themselves *Servi di Maria*, or particular devotees of the Virgin. Fra Paulo belonged to this order.—Ed.

the history of this saint's miracles in bas relief in marble; there is a litle door in the back of the altar where people go in and kneell upon the saint's body while they say their prayers, but the body as was the antient way of burying, lyes deep in the ground. Here are 3 or 4 admirable pictures; one of a St. Hyacinth, and another of St. Dominick, throwing the orthodox and the hereticall books in the fire, to let see that God had asured him the hereticall books would burn and the others not. The library, the cloisters, the cellars, *en fin* all the house, is extraordinary magnificent; but, if one should enter upon a description of all that is fine in the severall monastrys of Boloigna, it must take up a whole book. There is a miraculous image of our Lady in a monastry five miles off. They have carryed on a vaulted way, open to the left hand, and suported with pillars and painted to the right; it is carried on already more than half way to the monastrie, and they are still working at it; it is a prodigious work, and will be very fine when finished. Without the town stands a monastry of Olivetan Monks (they are a branch of St. Bennet's order, but wear white). Mr. Lassells gives a full account of it. The prospect from it (for it stands upon the hill, and here begine the Appenines to rise gently); the collines are full of wine, and that supported by white mulberries for the silk worms, and corn or grass growing, makes a vastly rich and glorious country. The prospect, I say, from it is admirable; one sees Ferrara to the sea near to Modena, and every where you see a *pointe de vue;* the fields richly covered with corn, oyl, and silk, and every tree (except the olives) full of wine; the houses thick and all white; so that Lassells says, to him the plain country lookt like a vast sea covered with ships, for the houses lookt all like sails. In Boloigna is a steeple that hangs to one side as if it wold fall.* In St. Prospero's church Cassini † has made a noble meridionall line,

* John Dominic Cassini, the famous astronomer, the first resident in the Royal observatory of Paris; who discovered four satellites of Saturn, and died in 1712.—Ed.

† This is the well known *Torre degli Asinelli*, celebrated in Dante's Divina Commedia. —Ed.

which is markt by a hole in the rooff; by good luck it goes slanting betwixt two pillars and touches neither, although it passes very near to both. The Cardinal Legate Durazzo* showed a great desire to see me, so I went and payed my duty to him. He has been Nuncio in many courts of Europe before he was Cardinall; he is a great lawyer and a scollar, more than ordinary; he askt me many questions of Oates's plott, of the late revolution of the religion of England, of the many sects in Brittain and Holland, and seemed very well satisfied with our long conversation. Cardinals in Italy are very great men, so it passes for a rule of ceremony here not to go away untill they please to show some desire one should go, but being to go out of town that day I took the liberty to take leave after near two hours' conversation. The Legat accompanyed me with all his court to the Guard Hall, and his Maestro de Camera to the top of the great stairs, and all the other gentlemen to the coach; imediately after he sent an Embasciata to have returned the visite, but we were parting. The Prince of Hesse would have led my wife to her coach, but I would by no meanes consent to it. We parted from Bologna, and we went to Imola; there is nothing save the Cathedrall to be seen, and nothing rare in it. Next morning we past the Rubicon; I made our voiturino advertise me when we came near to it. There is a pillar about two pair of butts from the end of the bridge; on the syde next the highway is an inscription what Pope built the bridge, or some such thing, but on the other side from the way is the decree of the Senate, declareing that any officer or soldier that durst pass the river (which is a very pityfull one) guilty of high treason, but this did not stop Cæsar;† the decree is excellent Latine. I am not sure (though) if it was this day we past the Rubicon, but that I shall rectify afterwards; we past through

* *Of a noble and* ancient family in Genoa; made Cardinal by Pope Innocent XI. in *1686.*—ED.

† The *question* of the identity of this river, with its famous Cæsarian quotation, *Jacta est alea*, is, notwithstanding this inscription, and the "Voiturino's" conviction, not quite established.—ED.

Cesena, Forli, Castelbolognese, and severall other towns, which are Bishops' seats, until we came to Rimini (famous for that pityfull cavall of the Protestants concerning the councill held there). The weather which from cold and rainy became very hott when we were at Bologna, so that I was forced in one day to put off a thick quilted vest and a flannell waistcoat (here for the first time I found the heat very troublesome). Here I saw an antient triumphall arch; a little giuglio or needle of porphory near to it, of the which nobody could give us any account; the cathedrall, a pretty church, but nothing extaordinary; a bridge built over the river, that is, at the end of the town by the which we entered, built by Julius or Augustus Cæsar, with an inscription telling so much, very entire on one hand and quite broken on the other. A litle chapell in the midle of the marcat-place, where St. Bonaventure made the ass leave his corn (to confound an heretique who denyed our Lord's presence in the Euchariste,) to adore the blessed Sacrament, and as another dumb ass reproved the madness of a prophet so this by an action far above its capacity did the obstinacy of an heretick; from this we went to Catholica, where the Bishops who stood firm against the Emperor's violence retired and gave that honourable name to a very pitiful place. We had great pleasure to go along by the sea-side most of the way. Above this little place stands a castle, which belonged to the Dukes of Urbino, and next day we saw many more, for the way was up hill and down hill next morning for severall miles, and every hill almost has castles or villages on their tops; but near to Pesaro nothing can be more pleasant than the country is, except the valey of Fuligno (of the which afterwards); from thence we went to Fano, there is a triumphall arch,* and without the town an aquiduc in our way to the sea (for we kept by the sea for near two days together or more, and it was smooth as a looking glass, and very pleasant, for we had no so excessive heat as in

* Erected in honour of Augustus, who planted a colony there.—Ed.

the inland road). Senegalia, where we came att night, is a litle compact town, fortified; it is the Pope's, for all from midway betwixt Modena and Bologna belongs to the Pope; this litle fortified town has no garrison to speak of. From it we went next day to the hill above Ancona; to dinner; they call the place L'Hostaria del Olmo from an huge elm that stands by a litle chappell over against the Inn. It was so hott I did not go into the town, but it lay before us as in a map; from thence we went at night to Loretto. It is on the top of a rocky hill, as most towns and villages in that country are; it is no pleasant town; the marcat-place is pretty; it is fortified enough to hold out against any pirates that would adventure to rob the rich treasury. As for it* (be the story true or false) one cannot be in the holy house but, if he pleases, he may reap a vast advantage; for, as in all meditation, to begine with fixeing one's thoughts on the presence of God is necessary; and here, as is piously believed, our Lord took our nature while the angell said the first "Hail, Mary." Next the circumstances of what one is to meditate upon are to be most minutely considered; and as one talks of a battell, any great event, &c. with much more lively ideas of it when upon the field or place where it happened, so here one is carried to reflect how that blessed creature was employed in the deepest contemplation when she was surprized with that celestiall invitation from her heavenly Guest. Here one cannot but admire the humility of God and his blessed mother, the joy of the angell and all his invisible celestiall companions, to see the whole begune which was to be the meanes of filling the vacant places left by their apostate fellow angells; and here one is led to all those vast extents of reflection that comes from the remembrance of the thing; the judgment is astonished at every circumstance, the affections of

* The *Santissima casa*, the house of the Virgin Mary in Nazareth, conveyed by angels to Tersato in Dalmatia, and thence, in 1294, to Loretto. It is strange, considering his usual credulity, that the author should doubt this miracle.—Ed.

sorrow for haveing occasioned so terrible sufferings to so good a God, giving so just ground of the greatest of griefs to his blessed mother, and for haveing been so litle true to that rationall soul which is so dear to him, and would (if we would do our parts) guide us towards our chief good, &c. of love of so infinitely an amiable Lord, and of desire to be all his, and all that can move towards our wishing to be one with him in will, &c. are strangely carried, and good resolutions are so strong that one is not apt to forgett them. Here we did our devotions in communicateing on Saturday; and on Sunday (being St. Philip and St. James,) I communicated again, and I dare say it was with great delight to my soul: God only knows if it was sincere, or if I cheated myself. As for the fineness of the house of marble, which covers the outside of the Holy House, how admirably it is wrought in bas-relief by the best masters; and how the house itself (which you see within plain and pure, like our blessed Lady's condition) stands without any foundation or support (for the marble house without, it is half a yard distant from it); and what vast riches are in the treasurie; all that Lassells says for it, or I can say, is short of the thing. We came to dinner from Loretto to Macerata, where the Great Duke of Tuscany was in his way to Loretto. He was carrying vast presents to it; by the bye, our Queen's is the richest there as yet, and will be so a great while, as I beleive. His son was five years married without haveing any child; his second son has a rupture, as is said; this made that the line was like to faill absolutely. The old Duke (a most devote, saintly man) made a vow to go in pilgrimage to Loretto, if through the Blessed Virgin's intercession and prayers he could obtain an heir; he is now for ten days at Loretto, quite retired from all company, where he makes his spirituall exercises like the meanest hermit in the Church of God, to the great edification of all Italy; his second son and he swept the Holy House upon their knees. In the evening before we came to our lodging (which was among the hills just before we came to the Apenines, which in the way from Lo-

retto to Rome are near as high as the Alps,) we came to a city called Tolentino; here we stopt to see St. Nicholas Tolentinus (an Augustine frier) his reliques; his two arms are in christal cases. Every 30 or 40 years they bleed fresh, and the blood is plainly seen; there are two locks upon the huge iron chest in the which they lye; one is kept by the prior and another by the magistrates. Two magistrates must bring the key when they are showed, and they have with them trumpets and many officers: a hymn is sung and thanks given to God for the grace bestowed on the saint, and the glory he now enjoys; we saw them fully, and the blood is ardent. Except high hills we saw nothing remarkable untill we came to within 3 or 4 miles of Fuligno; there we began to see about us, and all the hills were covered with mirtles, laurell, bays, lavender, cotton, hysop, pennyroyal, suthernwood; and from a vast height, by a small village where the litle river (the course of which we had followed, through the hills, since we past the top of the Souma, makes a great many milns go) we saw the plain of Fuligno: it lookt like a bason of flowers and greens, for the hills seem to surround it; one's fancy cannot exceed the beauty of this delightfull valley, and no spot of ground can be more rich; the trees sett regularly, full of vines and silk, the ground filled either with clover in flower or wheat, the river Clytumnus of the antients and brooks windeing through the valley and enriching it; towns, villages, and houses of pleasure scattered up and down the neighbouring hills, at or near the foot of them; the hills half up to the top, full of vast forrests of olive trees, which yield incredible quantitys of olives, and all things so fresh, either green or full of flowers (for here are cherry trees, apples and pears, and a sort of tree where mulberries are not grown, which bears a white flower like elder, but much bigger), that no description in a romance comes near to the verity here. From this town (for we stayed in this country a whole day) we went off at the right hand to Assizi, famous for the great St. Francis, the father guardian of the great monastry of Conventualls, who are the most easie (that is the least

reformed) of St. Francis' order. They were obligeing to my wife and me, and showed us those reliques which they only possess. Their church is (it may be) the only one in Europe which is 3 storys high. The middlemost is that which they make use of; it is but low as to the vault and somewhat dark, but full of very authentick reliques. St. Francis' body is in the lowest, but by order of a pope 300 years ago kept shut up. That pope they say went down to the low church to kiss the saint's foot (who is said to be standing in a nitch of the wall, upright, without suport, with his eyes elevated towards heaven, haveing his naturall colour and the miraculous stigmata (or wounds of our Saviour) fresh and bloody in his body. The saint drew back his foot when the pope would have kisst it, and he ordained the place to be walled up untill by some revelation God should declare it to be his will. The annalls of their house say that a bishop of Corsica haveing a great veneration for the saint would needs go down and brake open the church to see the body, which he did and returned blind; but upon his repentance, and a fortnight's penance performed for him by all the community, he is said to have recovered and to have directed a painter to draw the saint as he saw him. From this we went down into the plain (for Assizi stands on a high rock). We had heard of a place called Madonna del Angelo of great devotion, and we went to it, not knowing what it was. It was the famous place where the saint had long lived and where he dyed. It is a noble monastry of Recolects, a strict branch of the order. The famous chappell of the Portiuncula stands (as the Casa Sancta does in Loretto) in the very midle of the cross of the church. It was a neglected chappell of the Benedictines, which Saint Francis begged to be his hermitage before he founded his order: here it is said he had the frequent visions and discourses with our Lord, and here it was our Lord sent him that message to Rome which procured all the privileges to his order: here in this monastry is that garden which before was a place full of thorns amongst the which Saint Francis rolled himself when he was in a

violent temptation, and they say they turned to that rose without prickles which is now very universal, and which here is showed in the garden as they say the saint left it. Assizi is only 7 Italian miles from Fuligno; Madonna del Angelo is as far, but much better way. In our way from this place to Fuligno we stopt at Riva Forta, a monastry of the Conventualls, the first founded of their order by the saint himself: here at the very entry of the church we go down to a chappell half under ground, which was the saint's chamber; his bed is as he left it, a rough stone so short he could not streatch down his legs; a round piece of coarse marble is his pillow, and near it, wrote in Italian, that seeing our Lord himself had not whereon to lay his blessed head, why should his followers search for ease? From Fuligno to Spoletto is 15 or 16 miles, still by the side of this paradise; but Spoletto stands on the beginning of the hills which lead to Forli high enough to weary me in my seeing the cathedrall, aqueduct, &c. In our way we saw a neat old litle chappell, now much neglected, of white marble, which some will have to have been the temple dedicated to the god of the river Clytumnus. A litle beyond it is the source of that river called (as I suppose) Aqua Sancta; it flows out of four orifices in a rock low down, where we cross it, and each orifice is a huge big spring. Strangers observe it as a rarity. At Spoletto I took Blair with me, and from the post-house beyond the town I went back and saw the cathedrall, which is on the outside of the portall of most antient mosaique work, the ground gold and the figures pretty lively; our Lord is as in judgment sitting on a throne, our Lady at his right hand, Saint John the Baptist at his left, and many other figures; the floor is (though far less fine) yet somewhat like that of San Marco at Venice. The aqueduct carrys a river from one river to another, on the which the town stands; it enters the town near to the high castle above the cathedral, in a large basson of marble; indeed it comes with force enough. Blair and I crossed upon the aqueduct betwixt the hills. It is a prodigious look to the river below which runs among the hills, and which this

fabrick crosses; we climmed down the hill on the other side, and by litle foot-roads reacht our hostaria. Next morning we went over terrible high hills to Terni; here we stopped to dine, and my wife stayed all night that I might take horse and see the famous cascala, or fall of a considerable river (as great at least as Earne* at Innerpeffrie) which tumbles from a rock of a vast height; it is 4 miles from Terni up the hills, which are rugged enough; before the water comes to the leap, it is all broke by the rocks; when it goes over (all white like froth) it flyes into a kind of mist and water mixt; it breaks against the rock at bottom so violently that it flyes up into a cloud of smoak, in the which you see three distinct rainbows together, and this rises at least as high above the top of the rock as the rock is deep, which is prodigious. I stood a large half-hour to observe it, and really it is a very odd sight to observe it narrowly. There is a pretty plain up another river in sight of it with a litle town in it, but no place in the Highlands of Scotland is wilder than all through the Appenine Hills, onely the valleys are fruitefull and sweet, and the hills (how rocky soever) coverd with olives, almonds, myrtles, laurells, and sweet herbs. From Terni we went to Narni, another bishop's seat, next morning; it stands on the side of a high ugly hill; but the 8 miles betwixt Terni and it put me in mind of Fuligno. We dyned at Otriculi, a place famous for the martyredome of many primitive Christians, especially Saint Victor, a soldier, whose martyrdom you have often seen in taille-douce. The bodys of thousands of martyres stand or lye in or about this church. The town (for this is only the castle which now stands) was ruined by Attila; the vestiges of it stand yet, and you can see the old towers of the wall here and there, which show the city to have been a great one. That night we lay at Citta Castellana, which (by the inscription on the bridge, by the which they tell that here their Vejentanes

* A beautiful waterfall in Perthshire, and one of the charming sights of the pastoral Stratherne, environed by its Highland mountains.—Ed.

killed 300 Fabij) would seem to have been the city of the Vejentes. From this to Rome we saw nothing but wild uncultivated collines untill we came to Ponte Molo, or Milvius's Bridge, within two miles of Rome; here Monseigneur Caprara (cousin-german to the generall in Hungary) sent us his coach. To tell you all that has befallen us here must be the subject of another letter, this being long enough already. I send this by Blair, it being too big for the post. I wrote to you the other day, so I have litle to add; my wife, I supose, writes by the same occasion. Here there is a great deal of talk of peace. The Emperor needs it very much, for the Turks are prodigiously strong, both by sea and land, which makes the Venetians and the Emperor both very uneasy. As for myself, I thank God I keep health very well, so does my wife; but heat is troublesome. I hear so seldome from you, I am in pain enough; people cannot look for all kinds of happiness in this life. God Almighty put you into the road to the felicitys of a better, and grant me perseverance, and as good a practice as I have a sound faith.

LETTER XX.

Rome, 11th June, 1695.

My dearest Sister,

Madam, I have not had a letter of yours these many weeks, that is for some moneths, but Mrs. Mary Baird tells me that my daughter Marischall * was to be brought to bed about the end of

* The Countess Marischall perhaps gave birth this year to her eldest daughter Mary, afterwards Countess of Wigtoun. It was on the exact anniversary of this letter, the 11th June 1696, that her second son James was born, afterwards distinguished as the Marshal Keith in the service of the great Frederick of Prussia, and who, after having fought at Sheriffmuir in 1715, died gloriously at the battle of Hochkirchen in 1758. His elder brother George the tenth Earl Marischall, also, after *the Fifteen*, entered the Prussian

May, which is with you yesterday, and you about two moneths after; God preserve you both. She gave me good news of my dear Godson, master James.* I hope now he is quite recovered, and all your other children well. If you have gott all my letters you have the history of my journey. I have one long one to send which shall go by young Blair, who parts about three weeks hence. My wife and I keep health very well. The weather is not yet excessive hott, this year being much cooler than usuall, and we live very high. I long to hear of my daughter and of you; I do not write her by this occasion, so you may let her know we are well and at her lord's service. Give my kindest service to my Lord Erroll, and to all your dear babies, and my wife's too, and our blessing to Anny, who they say is sickly. The Pope † is very kind to me; he's a worthy good old man; he's of great quality, and has much the manner of it; he's now 80 years and 4 moneths, yet very vigorous. Cardinal Janson ‡ is most obligeing. The news we have here came from Germany, Holland, France, England, &c. so you have them as soon as wee, though not so true for the most part.

Adieu, my dearest Sister.

service; was Ambassador-Extraordinary both to the Courts of France and Spain; was made a Knight of the Black Eagle, and Governor of the State of Neufchatel, which produced him a sufficient revenue in his old age. Rousseau mentions him with encomiums, and relates some entertaining anecdotes of his eccentricity. He was pardoned by the English government, and visited this country in 1760. He returned to Berlin, and died in 1778. The Lady Willoughby de Eresby is, through her mother (the sister of Admiral Lord Keith) descended fom the Countess of Wigtoun, mentioned at the beginning of this note, and so from the writer of the present correspondence, as well as in the paternal line from his brother the Earl of Melfort.—Ed.

* The Hon. James Hay, second son of the Countess of Erroll.—Ed.

† Innocent XII. (Antonio Pignatelli) according to Moreri, of a very noble family of Naples, born in 1615, elected Pope in 1691, and conducting himself in that elevated station as a true Father of the Church, without predilections or partialities, and knowing only the Poor as his relations. He died, blessed by all, in 1700.—Ed.

‡ Toussaint de Forbin de Janson, Bishop of Marseilles and afterwards of Beauvais, made a Cardinal in 1690, and Great Almoner of France in 1706. He was distinguished for his State services in the reign of Louis XIV. and died in 1713.—Ed.

LETTER XXI.

Rome, 30th June, 1695.

My dearest Sister,

Since my last from Venice I wrote you a long letter, which I could not send, and a litle one which I sent about a moneth agoe, in which I told you that we had made a pretty long voyage (although to us it seems nothing) from Venice to Rome by Loretto. The hott weather came upon us at Bologna; but it was nothing to what we feell now; here we are in a great city which lyes for the most part low upon the river, and some wings of it upon riseing grounds called hills; but they could not merite that name with us. The place is but poor; but for churches, pallaces, fountains, and publick places, it has no compainion. Saint Peter's exceeds the idea one can frame of it, although (as all men observe) the vastness of the fabrick, far less the beauty of it, is not so perceptable at first sight, nor at first 20 sights neither; last night it was illuminated, and the night before likewise, and I never saw any thing so stately. The Pope, when I was to pay my duty to him, was very, very kind; he made me enter his chamber with sword, hatt, and gloves, a thing never almost practised but to princes, and after haveing discoursed with me by an interpreter for near an hour he gave me a chaplett * for myself and one for my wife. Some days after he sent me a present of wine, souger, and wax lights, and yesterday another of cheese, the finest in Italy, and excellent wine. All the cardinals I have seen are most obligeing, and a cardinal in Rome setts up upon the foot of being a king. The day before yesterday I saw the Hackney † presented by the constable Collonna, in name of the King of Spain, for the kingdome of Naples. The Pope is carryed in a chair by 8 men; he had a mitre like an ordinary bishop of plain cloath of gold, and was in pontificall habit. The ambassador spoke to him kneeling, and after the Pope had

* *i. e.* a rosary, or beads.—Ed.

† Haquenay, a white horse.—Ed.

answered him he gave the benediction to the King of Spain; he is a very handsome old man as ever I saw; and when he was carryed from the Vatican to Monte Cavallo (whither he returned immediately after the ceremony) he went in an ordinary crimson velvet sedan, and putt on a red hatt like a cardinal, but had the white callot under it, and the white garment, a kind of goune with a short crimson velvet camaile, or short cloak, to his elbow. That night and last night, which was Saint Peter's Day, the girandola, or curious fire-work upon the top of Castle Saint Angelo was fired, and it is a very pretty thing to see. It is now 10 a' clock at night with you, that is, two hours and a half in the night here, and the heat is such I am all in a sweat while I am writing to you. My wife has better health than usual, but indeed the heat is troublesome; and what is some relief where one getts good, the fruite here is not very extraordinary, apricocks, mulberries, almonds, a kind of sower cherries (which indeed is the best fruite at present) are the fruites in season, strawberries and other cherries being quite past; mellons and figgs succeed, and they say they are excellent; here is very litle cows' milk, but goats' in abundance. I have a pallace near the Porta Pinciano, on an hill, and so somewhat colder than the rest of the town, but still hott enough to roast me sufficiently. If one should enter upon a particular account of the pictures, antiquities, churches, villas, statues, fountains, &c. here, 10 volumes would not suffice. Then the musick (which surpasses imagination), and the different ceremonies and comotions in churches; the different rites of the different sorts of Christians, who all hold the same doctrine and unity, is very edifying. To see all nations praise our Lord is a great joy to me, and a confirmation of the Catholique faith from China (where there are upwards already of 4,000,000 of Christians) to Ireland, and from Ireland to China, east and west round the globe: you have here Catholicks, Grecians, Turks, Syrians, Armenians, Tartars, Scithians, Persians, Maronites, Indians, Siamois, those of Tonquin, Cochin China and China, and from Scotland to the Cape of Good Hope the other

way, so that you see here a college of Blacks, and amongst them most virtuous, excellent ecclesiastiques. I am acquainted with a missionary of China, a Frenchman, a most apostolicall person; he is to return, and therefore lets his beard grow, which is down to the middle of his breast; he tells me things that are very edifying and divertive at once. Two storys I must tell you; one, of the way the Hollanders gott the English driven away from Japan; the other, how they excused the Governor of the East India Company at the Mogul's court.

As to Japan, you have heard how they gott the Christian religion rooted out of their unworthy settlement, shunning to answer what was asked, and answering that they were Hollanders. They taught the Japanese to try the Portuguise with makeing them tread upon a crucifix; this they would not do, and so they were all driven out. The English within these few years thought that to tread upon a crucifix should not interrupt their trade; so to the best port in Japan did they saill with either five or seven good ships. So soon as the Hollanders saw them, they sett folk to work aboard their ships and made some thousand of litle wooden crosses, these they put into many litle boxes and put them into the river where the tyde runs very violently up to the town; the Japanese seeing these boxes full of crosses, and finding in each box a litle note bidding them to be ready for they should have help by and by, were surprized, fearing lest there might be many Christians yet disguised in their country, immediately they manned boats and went aboard the Hollanders who lay farthest up in the river. The Hollanders said they had no regard to cross nor crucifix, but bid them look to the flags of the ships of that other nation which were indeed lovers of the cross. Immediately underhand they advertised the English to fly, and they upon the very first appearance of searchers cutt their cables and put to sea, leaveing that rich trafick to the Hollanders. The other story was, that a few years agoe the English did a very foolish thing, that drew the Great Mogul into a war against

them, by the which they were brought so low that they might have peace or be undone, they employed the Hollanders who are very powerful in India to interpose for them. The Mogull his chief minister would not hear them without a present of three thousand guineas, and that the Governor of Mosambique (I think it was) should come to ask mercy with his hand tyed with a ribbon in name of all the Company, and pay a prodigious sum, &c. While this Governor is on his knees with his hands tyed, protesting that chains (of the which this ribbon was the symboll) was too good for him and all his nation, the Hollanders said it was true the English had erred, but that now he and his country would answer for them, for they had given England a King who was their servant, and they would see to keep them in good order.

Except the news from Turkey, you have all that is passing in Europe sooner than we. The Venetians are hard put to it in the Morea; the Grand Seignieur comes out himself very strong. He is a just and generous prince, and highly esteemed of by his subjects. The Grand Visier would have diswaded him to go to the war, and alleadged it would be an infinite expence. He said his predicessors conquered with good armys and bad equipages; and he wanted only a good horse. Another earthquake has destroyed a small city forty miles off; but the people had fled, and lyen in the fields upon a small shake that happened the night before; but the houses are all thrown down, and two thousand inhabitants put to their shifts. The thunder fell last week into the great church at Loretto, but did no harm, only had almost choked the people with the sulphurous stink.

Russell * has been in these seas these twenty days, but has not as yet attempted any thing. You see I write you all that's passing; and every moneth I will write to you punctually, and so I will add no more now, but my most humble service to your dear lord, and

* Admiral Edward Russell, Earl of Orford, who negotiated with the Stadtholder to dethrone James II.—Ed.

my best and tenderest wishes for all the dear babies. Give my blessing to Anny; I'm very sorry to hear she is still tender. May our Lord grant her patience now, and health when he sees it most fitting. I hope you will advertize me when you are brought to bed; God grant you a safe delivery and a comfortable.

Adieu, my dearest Sister.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE EARL OF ERROLL.

Rome, 10*th July* 1695.

My dear Lord,

When I write to my sister, I intend it both for your Lordship and her, otherwayes I would write very often; but upon the one part I hope your goodness secures me from being either unmindfull of, or ingrate towards you, and on the other, except to repeat expressions of kindness, there is nothing to be said from hence, for although there be more news in Rome than in any other place of the world, yet the truth is not very early known here, and different factions disguise matters exceedingly. I heartily thank your Lordship for letting your house be troubled with my daughter Annie. If I live, I will strive to let your Lordship see that I will endeavour to deserve that goodness you have for me. I hope my son has been with you before this time. Pray give him good advice. My wife gives your Lordship her humble service, and

I am, my dear lord,

your lordship's most humble and obedient

servant and brother, PERTH.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE COUNTESS OF ERROLL.

My dearest Sister, *Albano, 2nd Novr.* 1695.

I have been very near death since my last letter, and I am so litle recovered that I cannot tell what to say of my health as yet. It is vapours from my stomach and spleen; but my stomach is become so weak and my blood so spoiled, that it is not likely I shall long hold out against such a complication of diseases. My last sickness took me in the night with such a giddiness and sickness at my heart, that I could not have lived a quarter of an hour had it lasted. I offered to sitt up, but it threw me down with that violence that my wife was frighted sufficiently, but I did not lose my senses, and the violence lasted not long; but ever since the giddiness continues, and all I eat becomes sour on my stomach. I am here, thirteen short miles from Rome. The weather has been these eight days past all day like our weather in the end of June, not a cloud to be seen; the weather somewhat too hott, but still supportable; and this country is a very paradise. All those who have the meanes to do it, leave Rome for twenty days this time of the year. Here is the town which once disputed the sovereignty with Rome, and which furnished the famous Curatij, who were killed by the Roman Horatij, and with their lives lost their country's liberty. Their tomb, a huge pyle of cutt stone, with five pyramids upon it, stands at the east end of the city, which now is litle better than Falkirk for greatness, but the houses are very considerable. Here is Ascanius' monument, like an old tower, very small at the point; and upon the very top of it (which is high like a litle steeple) grows bushes of evergreen oak (a tree with leaves much smaller and greener than the sweet bay, but somewhat like it, and big as our greatest oaks).

Cardinall Ottoboni* lives here at one of his abbeys; he is young, not much above twenty-four years, loves pleasure, is a Knight of Malta, and not at all in holy orders, so he makes a noble figure; he has the best musique in the world, and is glad when strangers go to his house to take the pleasure of his diversions. Yesterday, he and the prince his father did my wife and me the honour to come and see us, and he invited us to partake of the pleasure of musique and opera when we pleased; he has one who is known by the severall names of le Bollognese Archangeolo (for his name is Michael or Corelli),† a fidler, but who waits on him as a gentleman here; the best player on the fidle that ever was, and the greatest master for composeing; he with one he has bred, who plays litle worse than he, and three eunuchs with the others to compleat the company, sing and play every night at the Cardinall's, and certainly nothing can be finer. Here we have walks, fine gardens, noble pallaces, and good company, but my want of health makes all pleasures indifferent to me. Sometimes I go and walk at the Capucins, who have a reall paradise for their garden. It is on a high hill above the town, which breaks off at the back of the first plot of their garden, and runs down to a round lake eight miles in compass; the way down is steep, but all covered with wood. The ridge of the rocky hill, which goes half round the lake, is narrow, yet a noble walk of trees carrys you a mile off, to Castle Gandolpho, a noble house of the Pope's. On your right hand you have the lake, on your left the villa of Cardinali Barbarini, a most delicious place, full of stately walks; and the prospect towards the sea, towards Rome, and the plain country betwixt the hills and the sea, is incomparable. On the north side of the lake (for

* Pietro Ottoboni, born 15 July 1667, was made a Cardinal on the 7th of November 1689, by Pope Alexander VIII. his grand-uncle, being only 22 years old. He was Vice-Chancellor of the Church and Secretary of State. Louis XIV. appointed him Protector of the affairs of France, and gave him in 1713 the abbeys of Marchiennes and Montierander, and in 1716 also that of St. Paul of Verdun.—Ed.

† The famous Bolognese musician and composer, whose solos are the standard exercises for young violinists to the present time.—Ed.

this is on the south) is a huge mountain covered with wood, the foot of it for a mile up all vineyards, and some castles of noblemen, and one convent of friers Recolects, and in the most rugged part of the desart, towards the lake, an hermitage built by a French nobleman, who lived and dyed there in reputation of sanctity. From the Capucins you see all this, Rome, the vast Campagnia, and the sea for many miles. You see Gensano, famous as the town for good wines; Laricia, with a rich field below it, supposed to have been antiently a lake; Nemi, the lake of which is large, almost like that of Albano, is called the looking-glass of Diana, for here she punished Acteon for haveing presumed to have disturbed her private retreate; and besides all this, you see the isles of Pouzzo,* famous for a French captain haveing obliged the Viceroy of Naples to send a whole squadron of galleys to force him from it this year. The Capucins of Gansano have a delicate seat above that place too. This is an hilly country; and all the fine places are on high hills; but the great mountains lye above us, and all the vineyards lean towards the sea, which lyes southwest from us. The Princess Palavicini, grand-neice to Innocent the Tenth, of the house of Pamphili, is as kind to my wife as if she were her sister; she has been twice married, but both husbands lived not three years with her; and the last who lived longest was ill all the while he lived almost. They would have had her marry again, for she was very young; but she told them she would not dispute with him who disposed of all thinges as he saw best; God saw the state unfitt for her, and therefore he imbittered it to her. Thus she lives a widow, is very rich, has a vast deal of witt, but more goodness; and both to my wife and me she is good to a degree that cannot be expressed. She sees we cannot keep a coach and six horses, and she carrys us everywhere. My head can hold out no longer. I shall end my letter to-morrow.

* The only island visible from the spot is the small one off the promontory of Circe at Terracina.— Ed.

3 *November.*

This morning the Princess Pallavicini carryed us to mass, and after that to a vineyard where the Princess Savelli was makeing her vintage. We had an handsome dinner although we surprised the Princess; and the young lasses who were there, *per mozzicare,* that is to gather the grapes, played on the tambour de sasque, and sung songs how when they went out early the dew wett their pettycoats, how they sung and talkt with their sweethearts while they cutt the stalks of the rasins, and how their mistress had provided a good brakefast, &c. and every verse ended with a *Viva il Compare et viva la Comare,* that is, may our goodman and good wife prosper. At night we went altogether to the Princess Savelli's house, where the Cardinal sent his musique, and we had two other women who sung to admiration, and the Cardinal came himself and took a part of his own musique, and indeed nothing can be finer; but I forgott to tell you that after dinner we went altogether, the two Princesses and my wife and I in one coach, and three coaches more, to the convent on the north side of the lake. It is very much higher than the Capucins, and overlooks all the Campagnia; its prospect is yet larger than that from the Capucins. The way to it is cutt out of the hill, so that we go half round the lake by a walk like the terrass walk of a garden, and the lake being smooth like a looking-glass, and all enclosed with wood and vineyards, you may judge what a prospect it afforded. At the convent we saw a work done by a lay brother, who lives in that house, which, though only painted, cheated all the ladys who took it for a rich embroidery, not at a distance only, but when they had it close by them. Wee returned another way, and full as pleasant, through the forrest, for the ladys were frighted with the precipice under us as we went. Had I health, I would think this a very sweet place; but want of health (especially when the disease attacks the head) renders all things very litle pleasant.

This morning we have gott news that the Turks have not prosecuted their victory, but have retired and not entered Transylvania;

and this is all our news. My wife will write to you from Rome within a fourtnight. I hear very seldom from Scotland; my last letter was from Mr. David Drummond, advocate; it was in a packet-boat that was taken by a Dunkirker. The packet was cast into the sea, but gott up again; and a merchant in Rome had my letter directed to him by those who had care to visite the pacquet at Paris; so I gott it out of the sea. I was glad to hear of your family's being well, God continue it. I had likewise an account of Earl Marischall's family, that was very acceptable to me. When I write to my daughter or to the Earl Marischall, I bid them send you their letters, and I beseech you to do so to them too, so by this meanes you will all hear the more often. Send word to all my children that I give them my blessing, as I do my service to the Earl of Erroll, and all your family. Tell my eldest son to be merry, for a pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt. I hear he is melancholly; it will aflict me much if it continue. I hear Anny is somewhat recovered; I am glad of it, as I am of my dear godson's recovery. God make him a good man! I am sure I weary you, but I write seldome, and you know the Scots proverb.* My wife is servant to you and to all to whom these presents may concern, as I likewise am, Adieu, my dearest, dear Sister.

LETTER XXIV.

FROM JAMES DRUMMOND TO THE COUNTESS OF ERROLL.

[This letter, which has been preserved with those of the Earl of Perth, was written by his young kinsman and companion, the son of his factor Blair Drummond, who had left him at Rome, as mentioned in p. 79.—Ed.]

Utricht, 4th Nov. 1695, *O. S.*

May it please your Ladyship,

When I left the Chancelor he ordered me, whenever I should

* *i. e.* No news is good news.—Ed.

come to this country, to write your ladyship how his lordship and my lady were; and in case his lordship should not have the time, to give your ladyship a short account of their journy to Rome. Your ladyship may believe I should have obeyed ere now, but the unlucky accident of my Lady Dundee, and her child's death,* put us so much out of order here, that it has been impossible. My Lord Chancelor was obliged, for severall reasons, to begine his journy last year in a very unfavourable season, the beginning of December, and through Germany, two things that would have discouraged any woman save my Lady Perth, who really accomdates herself so very well to all countrys and circumstances that one would think she had studied all the different ways of liveing that fortune and ill-natured people have obliged her to. My lord went first to Dusseldorp, where the Elector palatine † has his residence ever since the war; but Compt Hamilton, a nephew I think of my Lady Lucy's, who has been for many years past minister at that court, being then upon an embassy in Sweedland, his lordship did not go to the court. At Cologne Monseigneur Doria, the Pope's Nuncio, whom I suppose your ladyship has seen in Scotland with the King, showed my lord all possible civility. My lady knew some ladys of quality she had seen in Brabant before. From Cologne my lord went up the Rhine in a boat to Mayence, and from that by land to Frankfort, which being altogether a merchant-town, my lord made no stay in it. Three days' journy from that is Wurtzburgh, a bishop's seat, who is a prince of the empyre and Duke of Francony. Here my lord (and by dispense) my lady lodged at a convent of Scots Benedic-

* Lady Dundee has been already noticed in p. 47. Of the circumstances of her death a tradition only is recorded, as follows: "In 1795 a leaden coffin in the church of Kilsyth was opened, containing the bodies of a lady, supposed to be the first wife of Lord Kilsyth, and his infant son, in perfect preservation. The lady bore evident marks of a violent death, and it is said was killed by the fall of a house in Holland." Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, by Wood, ii. 38.—Ed.

† John William Joseph Duke of Newburg, and Elector Palatine.—Ed.

tine Monks, of which father Cook, once my lord's chaplaine, is lord abbot. The bishop was extremely kind. I had the honour to dine with my lord at his table. He shortened dinner about two hours upon my lord's account, which my lord afterwards understood to be an extraordinary compliment, since it cutt off some dozens of healths that must necessarily have been drunk in that time. He would have treated my lord at the last town of his dominions as we continued the journy; but his lordship refused it; so there were presents of wine and other things sent. Nuremberg is only a town of trade. At Ratisbone there is another Scots convent of the same order, where we lodged and were well entertained, and the suffrigan bishop, who is of the house of Bavaria, was very kind. At Munich my lord went and saw the young electorall Prince of Bavaria.* The people about him (who were not many, he being but a child of about five years of age) were very obliginge to my lord. At Inspruke, where the Queen Dutchess of Polland and her sons, the four young princes of Lorrain,† have their court allowed by the Emperor, we stayed a good many days upon my Lord Carlingford's account, an Irish nobleman,‡ governor to the Duke and his brothers. My lord and lady were allways at the court, eat allways at my Lord Carlingford's, and had all the divertisements and good reception that could be expected in so mountainous a place and small a court. Venice is

* Joseph-Ferdinand, born at Vienna in 1692, and therefore only three years old at this date. His mother was the Archduchess Mary Antonia, and he was regarded as heir presumptive of Spain; but he died at Brussels in 1699.—Ed.

† Eleonora-Mary, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand III., was married first to Michael, King of Poland, who died in 1673; and secondly to Charles-Leopold Duke of Lorraine. By the latter she had issue the sons mentioned by the Earl of Perth, of whom Leopold was afterwards Duke of Lorraine, and Charles Archbishop of Triers.—Ed.

‡ Francis Taaffe, third Earl of Carlingford, succeeded to that dignity on the death of his brother Nicholas at the battle of the Boyne in 1690. He had been educated at Olmutz, in Germany, where having greatly distinguished himself he was selected to superintend the education of the children of the Duke of Lorraine. He was made a Chamberlain and Marshal of the Empire, and knight of the Golden Fleece. He died in 1704.—Ed.

seven days' journy from this, all through the Alps, save the last. There are severall small towns in the road, such as Brixen, Balgano, and the famous Trent, to all which my lord had recomendations to see all that was curious, as we alwayes did most exactly in all the journey. About a day's journy beyond Trent the snow falling from the hills stopped us some time; however we came in time to the carnavall at Venice, where my lord stayed much longer than he expected. My lord went once to Padua, where he stayed at my Lord Kildare's, an Irish nobleman's house, and saw the Bishop Cardinall Barberigo, famous for his exemplary good life, with whom my lord corresponds ever since: but finding the ways very bad he returned and stayed the holy week at Venice. In Aprile my lord went to Ferrara, and so to Modena. I know my lord has given your ladyship an account of his reception there himself. From that we went to Bologna. My lord saw Cardinall Durazzo, the Legat, the Marquis Doria, brother to the Nuntio at Coloign, with a great many more of the best people there; they took care to divert my lord and lady with musick and entertainments in abundance. From Bologna we went to Rome without stopping any where, save two days at Loretto for devotions. I need not trouble your ladyship how my lord lives at Rome, which is as privately as possibly he can; every body is ready to give him more respect than he desires; but they know his quality, and must soon distinguish his extraordinary merite. He had twice audience of the Pope before I came from Rome. I had the honour to wait upon his lordship at both. The first, the Pope gave him a chappelet of lapis lazzuli and gold for himself, and another for his lady, and since has sent severall presents of wine and other things. About the time I left Rome a great many ladys of quality, being returned from their country houses, came to see my lady, but their visits are performed with so much ceremony that they are rather troublesome than diverting; yet some of them are more free, and my lord likes Rome so well that I doubt they

shall not remove in haste. I hope your ladyship will pardon this tedious letter, when you remember it's wrote in obedience to my Lord Chancelor's commands, by one who shall be allways proud of any occasion of owning himself,

May it please your ladyship,

Your ladyship's most obedient servant,

J. DRUMMOND.

LETTER XXV.

THE EARL OF PERTH TO THE COUNTESS OF ERROLL.

Rome, 9th Dec. 1695.

My dear Sister,

It would take more time than I have to allow this post to tell you what indispositions I have lyne under this autumn to hinder me from writeing as I used to do; for I have had such giddyness in my head as had almost killed me; and, to tell you my sentiments freely of the state I am in at present, you may believe that, in probability, you may lose a very affectionate servant sooner than you would wish, but as long as I live I will not faill to love and pray for you, and had I hopes of your conversion before I dye it would be a great joy to me; meanwhile we are bound to submitt to the will of God, and sacrifice our own inclinations to the dispositions of that sovereign wisdome in him which cannot err, and which being the same with his infinite goodness, designs all for the best, if we were happy enough to follow where his grace leads us. We went out to the country fourteen miles off, to Albano, and stayed a whole moneth, and (if I had had health to enjoy it) nothing could be more pleasant. Betwixt Frescati and Veletri it is a perfect paradise about the foot of a great hill

fourteen miles, where, to begine at Frescati, (where there is a Monte Portro, Monte Dragone, Dragonano, Belvidere, Villa Ludovise, Monte Alto,) we have Grotta Ferrara, Marno, Castell Gandulpho, Albano, Laricia, Gensano, Citta Lavinea, in the way or litle out of it to Veletri, and all these places have their different kinds of situations and advantages to diversify the pleasures one has in going about to see them. Out of the way (but where people go to) there is Nemi, the lake of which is called Diana's Looking-glass, where poor Acteon was payed off for being too saucy; and Pallasuola, on the other side of the lake of Albano, in the way to which is a French hermitage, the wildest seat in the world, but pleasant as any solitude that stands in the face of a rock can be. The two lakes stand in the hollow of the mountains, so that the descent is steep and full of wood, and the way the water goes out is underground from the one cutt by art, and the other conveyance is naturall and imperceptible: but how they have cutt under the hill is the wonder, for it is higher than Turloim,* and all rock. We gott of new acquaintances Cardinal Ottaboni, Maldachini, the Prince and Princesse Savelli, Princess Palavacini, the Prince and Princesse Pamphili, and many other people of quality. I am a servant to my lord, Lord Hay, and to all the family. My paper faills; I am your own. Adieu.

My wife is servant to all of you.

LETTER XXVI.

Naples, 18th January, 1696.

My dearest, dear Sister,

If you have gott all my letters you have a collection of memoirs for composeing lyke . . . . 's travels,† for I have wrote to

* A conspicuous hill near Drummond Castle; a spur of the great Grampian chain on the southern bank of the Earn.—Ed.

† Lost in the MS.—Ed.

you from all the chief towns where I have been, and I do because I know you take pleasure in such things, especially comeing from the hand of a brother, who loves you according to the obligation of a relation and the duty of a friend, and honors you as one who knows your merite. Haveing but few weeks to stay at Rome, (by reason of an accident, of the which you shall be informed afterwards,) I resolved once in my life to see this famous, delitious place. It is five easy days' journy from Rome. It had rained both here and at Rome for five weeks without intermission, and the day before I left Rome it cleared up. Strangers who come to see the place employ only fifteen days; five to come, five to go, and five to stay; but I stay'd seven days, two of which are for being abroad as is usuall, one to Vesuvius, and one for Pausilipo, Puzzuolo, Baya, the Solphatara, &c. which is call'd to go to Puzzuolo. At my arrivall I presented a letter to the Father Rector of the Jesuits, from their generall, (a good old man, who loves me heartily,) and it was impossible to gett out of his house, for he was so very earnest that my stay was a mere force; so in the college do I lye, serv'd and treated like a king, and used with a charity that looks like what we read of in the Acts of the Apostles, for every one, from the highest to the lowest, are emulous who shall serve me most. They gett coaches for me to go abroad to see the town and country; they go with me, they treat me abroad, at either a house of theirs, or they borrow a friend's house, and treat me there; *en fin,* they exceed all things that can be imagined in their civility and charity towards me. I have been here but three days; one I spent in seeing of Chartreux, their monastry, one of the finest in the world; read Lassells, and save me pains, only I shall add that when he says the Chartreux have the richest sacrista he ever saw, he must acknowledge he never saw that of the Jesuits' profess'd house in the town, nor that of the Annuntiata, which, indeed, do surprize one for the quantity and workmanshipp of plate, for here they work flowers of silver and gold so fine that it is somewhat particular to see them. Yesterday, the

feast of Saint Antonio, the abbot (St. Paul, the first hermite contemporarie,) begun the carnavall here with a Spaffagio or Corso, where all the great folks in the town went in the street that leads to St. Antoine's Church to walk in their coaches; all the chief magistrates went; their officers, alguazils, and sbirri, were on horse-back, in Spanish cloaths; the Viceroy, with all his court and guard, on horse-back and a' foot, with the Swizzers in their liveries, and all the Spanish troops in the publick places where his Excellency was to go through. It is the greatest solemnity they have; so I had a full view of all the noblemen and ladys in town. The Viceroy had notice of my comeing, and made me a great bow as I stopt when his coach past; so did the Duke of Cantelmo, who pretends to be come of King Donald the Third of Scotland.

This day we spent at Puzzuolo. The Grotto of Pausilipo is much higher in the roof at the side next the city than Lassells describes it, and far from so dark, for we saw very well all the way this morning all through it. It is a prodigious work, but that of Sybil's Cave, if it reached from the Lacus Avernus to Cuma, has been greater, (but earth has filled up the passage in less than a quarter of a mile from where they entered,) for they say it led to Cuma. Her cell and bath is curious; *en fin*, all here looks like enchantment, for this day has been clear, so that no cloud was to be seen, and the sun hott, as with us in June. At dinner we eate artichoks, young pease, and all kinds of such garden things. At the Solphatara, where it boyls and smoaks most, you hear a noise like the boyling of a hundred salt-panns all together, and all the country looks green like May, only the elms and poplars, which support the vines, are without leaves; but the hedges are all lawrell, bays, laurestinus, oleastre, mertles, (whose leaves are sweeter than any other green,) and many other greens I do not know. In the great gardens of orange trees (which here grow in and about the kaill-yards) the fruite is very yeallow, and no painted trees are half so beautifull. All the hills are full of olives, whose faint green setts off the oranges and lemmons, and, generally, the

almonds are in the flower, so that this country looks like a paradice. From my window I see Monte Vesuvius, fumeing from its top like a vast kettle, and the sea at its foot, ready to receive and quench the burning river he spues out when he grows huffy, with too great an overcharge of liquor in his gutts. In the great eruption of '31 St. Gennaro apear'd visibly in the air, (when the flame seemed already in the city,) and with his pasturall robe bore back the fire, and saved the city; and this is so attested that the wisest here are satisfied it is true; but I hope to see his blood, and then I shall say more.

Rome, 1st February.

I was interrupted here when at Naples, and now upon this same dirty paper I pursue my story. The day after we had been to Puzzuolo I went to a monastry of nuns, where I saw the Duca del Popolo, and the Cardinall Canselmo's sister, who was rejoiced to see me. Next day we went to Monte Vesuvio, a terrible place; never was sweeter weather, but far too much heat in the day-time. But at the top of the first brims of the huge kettle, which is four miles in circuit, we had our shoes almost burnt with the heat of the burning mountain, and the wind so stiff and cold that it cutt our faces like the worst frost winds with you. Out of this vast kettle, which smoaks in many places like so many furnaces, there is a new hill gott up; and since the last eruption, which was twenty moneths ago, when a river of fire, about the breadth of Earne at Inverpeffry,* run down, glowing like iron in a smith's forge, five or six miles from the hill, this mountain is grown half as high again as it was. This is the great chimny of the burning hill. It is near a quarter of a mile in compass, if not more, and sometimes sends out so vast a quantity of smoak it is admirable; and one day when I was there it smoak'd so that they all thought it would have grown angry in good earnest, but it did

* In Perthshire, and not far from Drummond Castle. Though now an insignificant place, it was probably dignified by being one of the few towns in Scotland where royal money was minted in ancient times.

not, and next day had scarce any smoak at all. When we had come down from the hill a mile and a half we gott amongst the vineyards. Here grow the Lachrima Christi so famous, and another most dilitious wine, but not so wholesome, call'd Malatesta, because it affects the head, and the Græco, which, were it in Buchan, would make your blades lick their lips at it. This January is the pleasantest they have had in man's memory, and really I never saw a May in Brittain so hott and sweet; but when I returned to Rome I was surprized to hear them say they had had so cold weather as they have had ever since I parted; yet it has been clear, without a cloud. At our comeing down from the mountain it was so calm, notwithstanding of what we had suffered on the hill of cold and wind, that we were forced to putt off our upper coats. I write you the rest upon another paper, for I must lead you to St. Gennaro's church.

The twentieth of January we were invited to goe see Saint Gennaro's church, and the reliques were to be showed me, a favour none under sovereign princes has had these many years. They are keept in a large place in the wall (such as we call boules,*) with an iron door to it plated over with silver; it has two strong locks, one key is kept by the cardinal-archbishop, and the other by the senate, (which is composed of six seggie, or seats, for so they call the councells,) five of nobility, and one of the commons, who chuse two elects. Every seggie or chamber chooses two deputies; one of the two governs and the other rests by turns; so there are six deputys, one for every seggie, who vote in all affairs, and without them the Vice-Roy cannot impose a tax, &c. Every one of the six ruleing governors of the senate (or the deputies of the seggie) has a key to the great iron chest where the key of the armoire of the relicks lyes; so that all the six must agree to let them be seen, except the two ordinary times in the year when they stand exposed eight days, and the senate and bishop must both agree, for without both concurr only one lock can be opened.

* Recesses, or closets.—Ed.

They had got the bishop's consent for me, but how to gett all the deputies of the nobility and the elect of the people to concurr was the difficulty; however, my friends gott the deputies to resolve to meet; three mett, but one said, "I have a friend a dying, upon whom depends my fortune; he has called me at such an hour, it is now so near approaching that I hope the stranger prince (for so they call all the peers of Brittain) will forgive me if I go away." They who were there begged him to stay but a moment (for they must be altogether) but he could not delay. So going down he mett the other three deputies below, and said that he saw God and his saint had a mind I should see the miracle, and so he returned, and I gott an invitation to go to church. The relicks are exposed in a noble chapell upon the Epistle side of the church, lyned with marble, the cupola richly painted, as is all that is not marble of the walls. Ten curious statues of saints, patrons of the town, done at full length, bigger than the naturall, of coppar, stand round the chappell high from the floors, and statues, to the knees of silver, just as big, of the same saints, stand below them. The face of the altar is of massy silver cutt in statues of mezzo-relievo, or rising quite out from the front, with the history of Cardinal Carraffo's bringing back the saint's head to Naples. The musick was excellent, and all the dukes and princes who were deputies must be present. They placed me in the first place, gave me that title they gave the Vice-Roy (Excelenza), and used me with all possible respect. The first thing was done was, the archbishop-cardinal, his viccar general, in presence of a nottary and witnesses, opened his lock; then the Duca de Fiumaria, in name of all the princes present, opened the city's lock, and the old thesaurer of the church (a man past eighty) stept up upon a ladder covered with crimson velvet, and made like a staire, and first took out the Saint's head, put a rich mitre upon it, an archbishop's mantle about the shoulders of the statue (for the head is in the statue of the saint), and a rich collar of diamonds with a large cross about its neck. Then he went back and took out the blood, after haveing placed the head

upon the Gospele side of the altar. It is in a glass, flatt and round like the old-fashioned vinegar-glasses that were double, but it is but single. The blood was just like a piece of pitch clotted and hard in the glass. They brought us the glass to look upon, to kiss, and to consider before it was brought near unto the head. Then they placed it upon the other end of the altar, called the Epistle side, and placed it in a rich chasse of silver gilt, putting the glass so in the middle as that we could see through it, and then begun the first mass; at the end the old thesaurer came, took out the glass, moved it to and fro, but no liquifaction; thus we past the second likeways, only the thesaurer sent the abbat Pignatelli, the Pope's nearest cousin, to me to bid me take courage, for he saw I begun to be somewhat troubled, not so much for my own disappointment (for I thank God that, did our Lord speak to me, I would not believe the truth of the Catholic religion more firmly than I do), but because the miracle never faills but some grievous affliction comes upon the city and kingdom, and I began to reflect that I haveing procured the favour of seeing the relicks and the miracle failling they might be offended at me, though very unjustly. After the third mass no change appeared but that which had made the thesaurer send me word to take courage, viz. the blood begune to grow of a true sanguine collour; but when the nobles and all the people saw the fourth mass past the Gospell and no change, you would have heard nothing but weeping and lamenting, and all crying, Mercy, good Lord! pitty your poor supplicants, holy Saint Gennaro, our glorious patron! pray for us that our blessed Saviour would not be angry with us! It would have moved a heart of stone to have seen the countenances of all, both clergy and people, such a consternation appeared as if they had all been already undone. For my part, at sea, at receiving the blessed Sacrament in my sickness when I thought to expire, I never prayed with more fervency than I did to obtain of our Lord the favour of the blood's liquification, and God is witness that I prayed that our Lord would give me this

argument towards the conversion of my poor Sister; that I might say I had seen a miracle, which her teachers say are ceased. The fourth mass ended without our haveing the consolation we were praying for, and then all begun to be in despair of succeeding, except a very few, who still continued praying with all imaginary fervour. You may judge that sitting three and a half hours on the cold marble had made my knees pretty sore; but I declare I felt no exterior pain, so fixed were my thoughts upon the desire of being heard in my prayers. About the elevation in time of the fifth mass the old thesaurer, who was at some distance looking upon the glass, cry'd out, Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto, and run to the glass, and brought it to me. The blood had liquified so naturally as to the color and consistency that no blood from a vein could appear more lively. I took the relick in my arms, and with tears of joy kissed it a thousand times, and gave God thanks for the favour with all the fervor that a heart longing with expectation, and full of pleasure for being heard, could offer up; and, indeed, if I could as clearly describe to you what I felt, as I am sure that it was somewhat more than ordinary, I needed no other argument to make you fly into the bosome of our dearest mother, the Church, which teaches us (what I saw) that God is wonderfull in his saints. The whole people called out to heaven with acclamations of praise to God, who had taken pitty of them; and they were so pleased with me for haveing said betwixt the masses that I was only grieved for the city, and not troubled at my not being so privileged as to see the miracle, that the very commonest sort of the people smiled to me as I passed along the streets. I heard the sixth mass in thanksgiveing. And now I have described to you one of the hapiest forenoons of my life, the reflection of the which I hope shall never leave me, and I hope it may one day be a morning of benediction to you too; but this must be God's work. The Pricipe Palo, a man of principal quality, came to me at the end of the sixth mass, and, in name of all the nobility, gave me the saint's

picture, stamp'd on satine, and a silver lace about it. It is an admirable thing to see blood, shed upwards of one thousand three hundred years ago, liquify at the approach to the head. The Roman lady, who had gathered it from off the ground with a sponge, had in squeesing of it into the glass lett a bitt of straw fall in too, which one sees in the blood to this very day.

From this I went and visited other churches, which here are far more rich in plate than any where else where I have been, especially the Annunciata, a Collegiate, a School, and an Hospitall for Foundlings, for young people, for old men and women, and for the sick altogether. But it is so rich, and people are so well lookt to that many gentlemen go in to dye there, being better attended than they could be at home. The plate and embroidery of that church is incredible. Cardinal Filomarini's tomb in the Theatins' church is excellent for the mosaique work, so fine that four pictures, viz. his own, his brother's, and two others, look as fine as if done by the ablest painter in Italy with a pencell. I never saw any near so fine but that of Paul the Fifth in Borgesi's Pallace. The mole here is very fine, and a noble lantern to guide ships into the harbour; *en fin,* Naples exceeds all the places I have seen in very many things, and yields to none save in a very few.

The good fathers, who were so very kind to me, sent two (who I used to call my guardian angells,) with me to Capua, (and here I was to dyne in my return half a day's journy from Naples,) feasted me in their college there, and left me with tears in their eyes. At Capua they told me they had two rarities here; one, *che il pesche qui a preso il Sabbato si mangia il Venerdi;* that is, the fish taken in the Saturday is eat on the Friday new haled. The riddle lyes in the name of a small river, that falls into the Volturnus at the town, which river is called Sabbato: the other, *che la Caldura e pui grande nel inverno che nel estate;* the heat is greater in winter than in summer. They have another river they call Caldura, or Heat; and this makes the other riddle. The good weather never left me in all the voyage, and untill I came

within seventy miles of Rome the heat was importune. But that morning I left Piperno I found a cold north wind from the hills, that smelt of snow; but so soon we gott to the foot of those mountains call'd the Montani del Core we felt it no more. Out of these hills are a many great springs, like rivers. One huge one, which forms a kind of litle lake, or at least a great pond, hard by its source, so stinking of sulphure that Aix la Chapelle is sweet to it; yet I do not hear they use it for any medicinall use. And now I am returned to Rome; so much for this litle excursion.

LETTER XXVII.

Rome, 10th March, 1696.

My dearest, dear Sister,

Within three days I leave Rome; wherever I go you may be sure I carry a heart full of true affection to you; so soon as I can write to you I will do it; but if I do not very soon you will judge it more for your sake than mine. Advise your nephew to be exceeding wary what he does, for all depends on that. God reward you for your great kindness to Annie! Continue to love and give advice to Mary; I have not heard from her or you these three moneths. My health is very bad. My wife has gott many friends and acquaintances, the best in Rome, and they all treat her on an equality with themselves, that is, as a princess; and the Dutchess of Bracciano, Chief of the Ursini, and who is the first prince in Rome, receives her *embasciata,* gives her Excellence, and the right hand in her own house, which is all she does to any princess in Italy who is not a sovereign. So we have gained one privilege to the peers of Britain which they never had practised before without haveing some character; and now they have but to keep it, for

it is fully established in their favours; and all the Cardinals we have received visits from, which are not a few, have given me quality with any prince here. My health is very bad, so that partly for that cause I change air. Although, strugle with sickness and death as I please, I do not expect to live long. Our brother is at Rowen; you shall be judge who is in the wrong when you hear how he is angry at me; but not dareing to correspond with him I cannot fully clear him; but I am persuaded I am not in the wrong. Father Mar is here, and does us all the service he can; he has brought hither a picture of the Prince of Wales, which they say is like, and I really believe it, for one sees of the King and of the Queen both in it; he is wonderfully handsome. The good Pope kist it, and said he would fain hope to see the restoration of that angel to his just right.

Pray continue to love me. Give my humble affectionate service to your dear lord, and to all your children. My wife is very bussie packing up, beggs your pardon, and gives you her service.

Adieu, my dearest, dear Sister, a thousand times.

LETTER XXVIII.

Leghorn, 26th March, 1696.

My dearest, dear Sister,

I was very sorry, in takeing leave of his Holyness, that I could not ask his benediction for my dearest Sister and her family. However, I did what I could, and shall, it may be, give you an account of it afterwards. All our friends parted with us with much sorrow. The Princess Pallavicini cryed like a child when she took leave of my wife; so did many others who I thought had been incapable of so tender an expression of their sentiments. *En fin,* we came off with some reputation, and left no body offended at

us that I know of. In our way to Florence, which we made in three days' traveling, and one we stayed at Sienna, we had good weather to the very last stage, where the rain overtook us. The Cathedrall Church of Sienna is the finest of its kind I ever saw; it is pollished marble within and without; black and white are the collours of the town, and the church is built so; the floor is the finest in the world, a rare kind of mosaique; it is covered with boards, but they uncovered it all to me. Florence answered the character all travellers give of it; and the Thesaury is a wonderful heap of curiosity and riches. The Grand Duke was at Pisa, sixteen miles off. I took Lucca in the way; all as we went some man of the first quality took care to guide me to see all that was to be seen, and seventeen or eighteen ladys went about with my wife; and, although it was Lent, they made balls, &c. for our entertainment. At Lucca, one who had been Prince,* (that is Gonfalloniero,) and was to be so just now, went about the city with me; he is a very worthy man, well bred, and well loved by his fellow nobles. At Pisa the Great Duke sent one of his chief nobility to go with me every where, and the Great Princesse, his daughter-in-law, sent a lady to wait upon my wife. At our audience we were treated with all the honour imaginable, and his highness gave me a galley to transport me to Genoa, &c. In this town we wait a calm sea (for galleys here are called *le Damozelle de la mare*, because they cannot go out in bad weather). I pitty the poor slaves, although here they are pretty well treated. This is a very pretty litle town and a very noble harbour. Many English are here, but none save one dares come near me. Yesterday an honest sea-captain drunk to the health I likt best, and fyred his guns, but did not come to me, but within calling, when I was in the Mole. Now, I shall add no more, only let not my friends condemn me rashly. Hear all and judge what a faithfull servant should do, and then let them say what they please. My blessing to my children. Tell James

* Signore Sesti: see p. 107.

what I have said. Give my service to your dear lord, and to all yours, to Earl Marischall and his, &c. Adieu. If you do not hear from me very soon again, do not impute it to unkindness. You will soon know the reason. Once more, my dearest Sister,

Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

Leghorn, 1st April, 1696.

My dearest Sister,

It is now near a moneth since I left Rome (as I think I told you in my last I designed to do); we left many friends there, who showed more concern at our parting than I could have beleived we should. It had proved such a winter that we could scarce hope for good weather for our journy, for I think we had had 36 or 38 days of weather that looked far liker to a mild sweet spring than winter. But as we say in Scotland, and as the Italians say here, winter never robbs in heaven, called, *e gelo non vestano mai in celo,* heat and frost never dwell still in heaven. We have had cold winds and great rains ever since we left Rome, and all the mountains of Tuscany and about it were full of snow. In our way from Rome to Siena we saw nothing worth writing you an account of.

At Siena the great church is one of the finest in Italy. The arms of the town is a shield with one half (the upper part) white and the lower black, so they have built the church without and within of black and white polished marble. It looks most exquisitely fine, and for the rest read Lassells; only I saw all the floor uncovered, and it is the curiousest piece of mosaique imaginable, and of a new kind, for the pieces that compose it are all very great, and they have only white, dark, and gray marble; but the

lights and sheadows are done so as to please the eye very much. There is a jubbé of white marble for reading the Gospell on, in time of high mass, of excellent basso-relievo. In the library (so famous for the painting) they have church books done by the antient monks, admirable for the miniatures in them. I saw St. Catharine of Siena's house, chamber, and bed; it is of hard stone, and a litle riseing of brick for the pillow, and here she always slept without any cloaths save her ordinary habit. I saw the head of St. Galgana, who dyed 400 years ago, and his colour is fresh and lively as if he had dyed but yesterday, or rather as if he were not dead, for he has red in his face still. Except some few churches they have little else worthy of seeing. At Florence, which is within 18 or 20 miles, we found that the Great Duke was at Pisa and Great Prince at Venice, and the Cardinal, brother to the Great Duke, was at Siena. We stayed five days, and saw all the fine things you have in Lassells, and the Duke's fine still-house or laboratory which he did not see, as likewise a tomb for St. Francis Xavier, which is to go to India; it is of copper gilt, and of a workmanship that nothing can exceed; it stands now in the fine chappell of St. Laurence, so famous all the world over. I went up to the fine marble steeple (to the which Charles the 5th would have made a casement) and saw the town and country, which is both rich and pleasant; but in the town the paper in their windows instead of glass looks but scurvily. The Great Duke had left one of his chief Marquises to show us every thing, and every night they made a ball that my wife might see all the ladys in town, and there were five or six who never left her. From Florence we came to Lucca, where one Seigneur Sesti, who had been 10 times Hutien and once Gonfaloniero, and was just then to be it a second time (it is the supream magistrate and lasts only two moneths,) came to us as soon as ever we arrived and brought his eldest son, his son in law, his brother in law, his lady, and his married daughter to wait upon us and guide us through their city. They showed us all that was to be seen, and next morning 18 or 20 of

the chief of the nobility's wives came and carryed my wife to a mass (in musick) at a nunery of ladys, who sang and played themselves very finely. From that we came to Pisa. The church doors are of excellent workmanship. The Campo Sancto is surrounded with a cloyster of excellent painting, and the baptistary is very noble; it is a building separated from the church upon the west end, and the Campo Sancto is of one syde. The falling tower is at the east end; it is a huge tower of white polished marble, with rows of pillars up to the top; it is a wonder how it stands. The Great Duke was most obligeing, and said that if he did not use me with more respect it was my own fault, because I would not receive it. He told me that he had a galley ready for me to go or stay where I pleased; so after two days' stay there we came hither in a wind that had like to have blown over our calliches; it was on Saturday, the 24th March, we arrived, and here we lye weary, the wind being too strong for a galley, but we hope to part to-morrow. I weary very much here. My wife is your servant, and I am as I ought to be to you, to my lord, and to all the bairns. Adieu.

Now (except Genoa) you have had some account of all I have seen in Italy. If it please God I arrive safe there, you may possibly have another letter; but after that (except you command it) you will not hear so frequently.*

Adieu.

* From the close of this letter, and an expression at the close of the preceding, it is probable that the Earl was contemplating to join the court of his exiled Master, whence correspondence to England would be attended with increased difficulty.—Ed.

FINIS.

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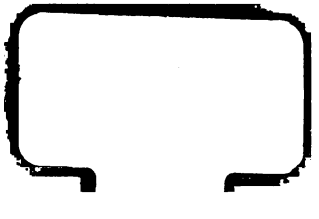
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